JOHN BULL, AUGUST 24, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1784

GREAT EXTENSION OF OUR FREE INSURANCE BENEFITS

AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT INVASION

I'M THE LATE MRS. BROWN!
AND I'M IN SUCH A STATE
FOR THE DARNED WASHING-UP
MADE ME LATE FOR MY DATE.
OXYDOL
Mrs. MUNDY
IF YOU'RE LATE MRS. BROWN
LEARN THE OXYDOL TRICK!
FOR WITH OXYDOL SUDS
YOU'LL WASH-UP TWICE AS QUICK!

But how can Oxydol do my washing-up in half the time? It sounds impossible.

There's nothing impossible about it, my dear. With this new granulated soap, Oxydol, you'll save time because it dissolves in a flash—and gives masses of rich double *lather to get rid of the grease.*

Well, that still won't save the time I spend in wiping!

That's just it—with Oxydol you needn't do any wiping! Rinse the things and leave them to dry by themselves. In half the time you usually take the whole job will be done.

That sounds marvellous—but I'm afraid of my dishes being left dull and smeary.

Just try Oxydol once and you'll never worry about smeary dishes again! For making glass and dishes sparkle there's nothing to beat Oxydol!

Well, it sounds wonderful . . . but won't Oxydol cost me more?

Not a bit of it, my dear, Oxydol actually costs you far less. One reason why so many women use Oxydol is that Oxydol goes twice *as far! You'll save your hands and your money, too, with Oxydol's gentle lather!*

Well, if I can save so much time and money washing-up with Oxydol, I'd better pop round and get a package right away!

OXYDOL

Oxydol is on sale at all shops: 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

BUY THE GIANT SHILLING SIZE—IT'S THE BIGGEST MONEY SAVER OF ALL.

MRS. MUNDY SAYS: "OXYDOL PRACTICALLY HALVES THE COST OF YOUR WEEKLY WASH; What's more, with Oxydol, your white clothes wash dazzling white—and your coloureds brilliant as new!"

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

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I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS

. . . and when I say thousands, I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who through our postal training have achieved their life's ambition.

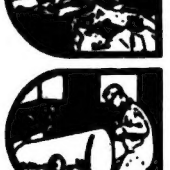
During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc., to-day a number of them are world-famed authors.

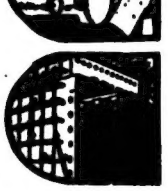
By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

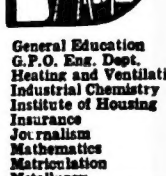
War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

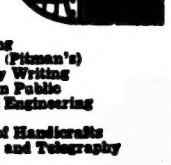
If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over 30 years proves that the *will to succeed* achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER









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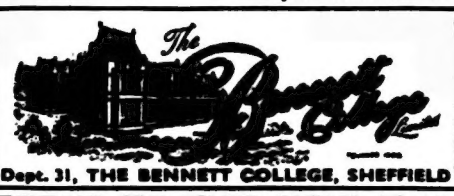

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EVERY DEPARTMENT IS A COMPLETE COLLEGE; EVERY STUDENT IS A CLASS TO HIMSELF.

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Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of ..... Your private advice about ..... } (Cross out line which does not apply)

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PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

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Proud of its quality, but modest in its price—

ARMY CLUB 20 for 1/4½ 10 for 8½D

This is the cigarette for the fellow with a full-size man's job to do. When you're feeling all 'hit-up', it steadies the nerves

In 15 minutes you'll feel much better!

10 Drops of Phosferine will start the famous tonic action

The very first dose will add to your staying power and every succeeding dose will go on putting back into you what overwork, worry or illness take away—energy, strength, vitality, confidence. Countless thousands to-day are taking Phosferine—for they know that the greater the strain the greater the need for this wonderful tonic.

TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
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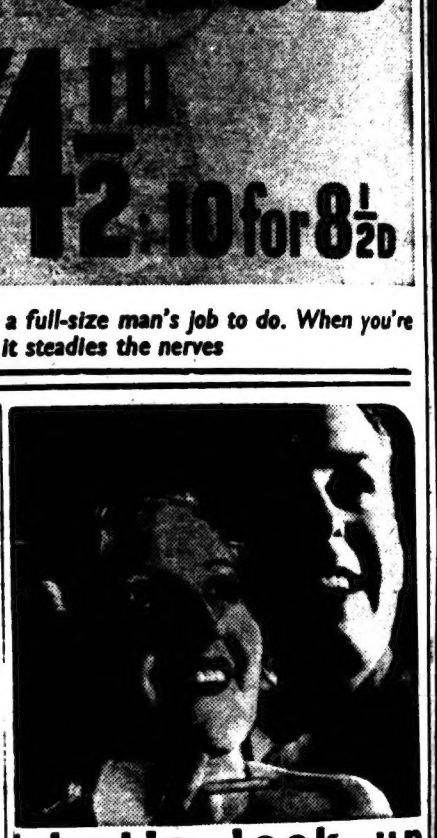
WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



Let's look up and Smile . . .

Keep smiling! It's a duty to-day. And a duty to take care of your teeth. So take no chances with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whitening. They injure the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Put yours to the trial. Grind a little between your front teeth. If you detect any gritty feeling, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely free from grit, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Send your kiddie a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice. It's very good for children's teeth.

Keep the winning

Odol

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/- Solid Dentifrice - 6d.

Smile!

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 24, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

READ THE "MORALE," MR. CHURCHILL!

IT may be an overworked word, but "morale" is a vital consideration in time of war. That of our own public under the searching test of air attack remains magnificently unshaken. And there's a moral in this for the Government to read.

It can be summed up in the short phrase which JOHN BULL has so often used before: Trust the people.

Mr. Churchill has done that hitherto. He showed his trust in his own countrymen when he laughed the ridiculous "Silent Column" off its pedestal, but even he is not entirely immune to the hush-hush virus in high places.

Dangerous Disease

We observe with regret that there is a tendency to needless secrecy on the Government Front Bench, as well as in the great Departments of State. As to the minor jacks-in-office, they have never been free from this complaint.

Pardonable Curiosity

There is nothing petty about the Premier, but, in the matter of the Swinton Committee, we think he showed something less than his usual good judgment and certainly less than his usual good temper.

Granted that this Committee forms part of our Secret Service, we can still see nothing unreasonable in the desire of certain M.P.s to know what salaries are being paid to its members and why they were selected.

Half an Answer

Mr. Churchill said he chose Lord Swinton because he considered him the best man for the job. It was a peevish answer to one "why" and left a second "why" unanswered.

For we should still like to know *why* Lord Swinton was considered the best man. After all, his record is not exactly inspiring.

Fact and Fancy

This instance of withholding what would seem to be harmless information is of small importance in itself, but it doesn't tally with the policy of trusting the people.

Victorious R.A.F.

Accept JOHN BULL'S assurance that the Air Ministry figures of Nazi losses are not exaggerated.

On the contrary. They under-estimate the appalling casualties of Goering's hit-and-run raiders.

THEY COUNT ONLY THE LOSSES THAT CAN CAREFULLY BE VERIFIED. WHEN OUR AIR MINISTRY CLAIMS TO HAVE BROUGHT DOWN A HUNDRED RAIDERS, YOU CAN ASSUME THAT THE REAL TOTAL IS NEARER A HUNDRED AND FIFTY.

Honest Doubters

But some of our people are sceptical. Even our friends abroad—and so firm a friend as Colonel Knox, Secretary of the United States Navy—are tempted to believe that our claims are too high.

Their doubt may be forgiven. It springs from the fact that so often our authorities have not given us full and frank information on the events of the war.

They remember the delay in issuing news of some setback to our cause, the sinking of troopships or the like.

Hush-Hush Peril

R.A.F. communiques have naturally become more detailed, more vivid. They are issued promptly. But the Admiralty is still unreasonably slow to release facts, thus allowing rumour to do its dirty work.

Moreover, there is a growing tendency to suppress criticism of the Government. Ministers become petulant when their policies are attacked.

No Muzzling

No less objectionable is the eagerness of minor officials to muzzle public discussion.

Latest offender is the Ministry of Information's regional officer for Yorkshire. He uses his official newsletter, paid for by the public, to attack M.P.s who dare criticise his Ministry.

And there is a determined effort by some "influential" people to stop Mr. J. B. Priestley from continuing his talks on the People's War.

Tell Them!

Far better for Britain if these schemers devoted their "influence" to improving our propaganda abroad.

We have told you before of the barrenness of the B.B.C.'s foreign broadcasts. Norwegian listeners, for example, do not want a dull translation of the British news bulletins, repeated ad nauseam. They are not much interested in the progress of the Italian columns in Somaliland.

AIR RAIDS · BOMBARDMENT · INVASION

£200 INSURANCE POLICY★
FREE FOR EVERY READER

★ *Underwritten at Lloyd's.* *See important announcement on page 9*

BRIGHT SPOTS

● **New "pom-pom" shells and "chain webs," recently used against Nazi raiders, are only two of the surprises in store for Hitler. Other British secret weapons are in production.**

● Something else that's new is a queer-looking British 'plane that solves problems over which the world's experts have been puzzling for years.

● *Impartial observers have reported to President Roosevelt that odds are now heavily against a successful invasion of Britain.*

● **General de Gaulle's broadcasts to France and her colonies are having so great an effect that Hitler has ordered Goebbels to offset them by every means possible.**

● Nazis' extravagant "victory" claims are actually increasing the doubts of ordinary Germans, particularly as R.A.F.'s bombing attacks increase in severity.

● *So, in alarm, Nazi leaders are speeding up the removal of Western Germany's population to Czechoslovakia and even to France.*

● **War damage to French industrial areas has now been surveyed. Havoc is found to be so great that factories will be unable to resume for another year.**

● Even then, according to Nazi estimate, they will be able to work at only 5 per cent. capacity unless flow of raw material is lant when their policies are attacked.

● *On the land, thousands of tons of chemical fertilisers will be needed—but will be unobtainable owing to British blockade.*

● **Even bigger difficulty is labour. More than four million refugees are still in "Vichy" France and refuse to return home to work for the Nazis.**

But they would welcome news of Norwegian interests and the welfare of their kinsmen who are fighting within our ranks.

Round Pegs, Square Holes

The printed matter we send abroad is even more tedious. "Shocking" is the only word for its inadequacy, dullness and lack of vision.

Here, as Lord Addison told the Lords this week, is a wasted opportunity.

It would not be wasted if entrusted to commercial experts who for years marketed all kinds of British products in foreign countries. It will remain wasted so long as it is left to Civil Servants and retired diplomats.

Plans for Peace

The best of all propaganda, at home and abroad, would be a bold statement of our war aims.

To reveal our policy for planning a stable peace would give added encouragement to our own people and hearten our friends abroad.

It would be the most powerful antidote to the fear aroused in foreign lands by Nazi successes.

Give the News!

Our leaders have yet to learn that their hands will be strengthened if they trust the people.

They need never fear a weakening of public morale if they give us the news frankly and promptly.

We do not need the soothing syrup of assurances that "the situation in Africa is serious, but not critical." Indeed, we know what such assurances are worth.

Tell us, rather, that the Italians have gained strategic footholds in the Sudan and Kenya; for neither Nazi bombs nor Italian drives can shake our will to ultimate victory.

Only excessive secrecy could ever do that!

(Continued overleaf)

★ MR. MORRISON MAKES THINGS HUM
★ RICH SHYLOCKS ASK FOR MORE
★ SHOULD A.R.P. BE COMPULSORY?
★ NO SUBSIDY FOR THE RAILWAYS!

(Continued from previous page)

MR. HERBERT MORRISON has pushed up arms production to a new record figure—and it's still going up. Details, when they can be revealed, will surprise the nation.

Our 'plane production is now definitely higher than the Nazis' 1,800 new machines a month.

JOHN BULL believes that these two items of news should be broadcast to the nation.

Similar reports should be given in a weekly radio bulletin by a leading Minister of the Crown—instead of the empty "pep" talks issued by a Ministry of Information that never imparts information.

Rich Men's Mite

Sinister reason is suggested for the reluctance of big investors to buy 2½ per cent. War Bonds.

They have taken up little more than £130,000,000. Yet small investors, through the Post Office bank and savings certificates, have lent more than £300,000,000 to the State.

Their Pound of Flesh!

Political circles suspect that the big men are holding back in order to persuade the Chancellor to issue a loan carrying interest at 3 per cent., like the one for which £300,000,000 was subscribed so rapidly last March.

It will be dangerous if that impression remains. Best way to remove it is for the rich to loan their millions immediately.

Is it a Gold Mine?

There will also be trouble unless the land ramp is stopped. Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P., is determined to hammer away at the Harrow case until he obtains a satisfactory answer.

Twenty-six acres of land at Harrow was rated at only £48 a year. Yet the local authority had to buy it for £15,000.

Which works out at about £600 an acre—three hundred times the rateable value!

Change of Billets

A better war time spirit is to be found in the banks—of all places!

Clerks at branches in heavily bombed towns are being moved, with their families, to safer towns for a few months' peace.

Their places are taken by volunteers from the "safe" branches.

It Still Happens!

No such co-operation exists yet among local authorities.

In Staffordshire, directly county council workmen have tarred the roads, a local council's men tear up the surface in order to lay down a water supply.

That is typical of a general folly, one that has gone on for as long as we can remember. Now, at last, it should be ended—if only as part of the anti-waste campaign.

Cheaper A.R.P.

Is A.R.P. as efficient as it might be?

Wardens at report and control centres, who were fully trained and employed on a whole-time basis, are now being replaced to a great extent by volunteers.

This system was tried before—and it was found that the volunteers didn't turn up in bad weather.

England Expects—

Plainly, the times are too serious for half-hearted A.R.P. Volunteers must be kept to their duty. If they are not forthcoming in large enough numbers, fit people with adequate leisure must be made to act as wardens for one or two nights a week.

Necessity for this is emphasised by the experience of Hockley, in Essex. Not a single reply was received to 1,775 letters appealing for more wardens.

At Rochford, in the same county, not a man volunteered to help in defence work.

Unfair Competition

Small builders, by the way, are finding themselves badly undercut by wardens who before the war were in the building trade and still find time to take on household repairs.

We can guess the wardens' retort—that they find it hard to keep a family on £3 5s. a week.

But "one man, one job," should be a war time slogan for the little man as well as the high official.

Raw Deal

Government supporters as well as independent M.P.s are dismayed at the railways' dearer-fares claim.

They fear a beginning of inflation if the application succeeds. For it will be followed by an understandable demand by railwaymen for higher wages, then another dearer-fares claim, and so on.

Dearer freights will also mean dearer goods—which will cause other workers to ask for higher wages.

JOHN BULL'S view is that the railway directors, never noted for a progressive policy, should reduce their superfluous costs before putting a pistol at the public's head.

In the Front Lines

They might gain a little public sympathy if they showed more consideration for their workers.

Take a train trip and notice the glass-sided signal boxes that are "protected" merely by a band of black paint. Only at the big centres have the signalmen a sentry box in which to shelter from bombs.

Whitehall Snails

Many firms engaged on war work complain of months' delay in getting payment from the Government.

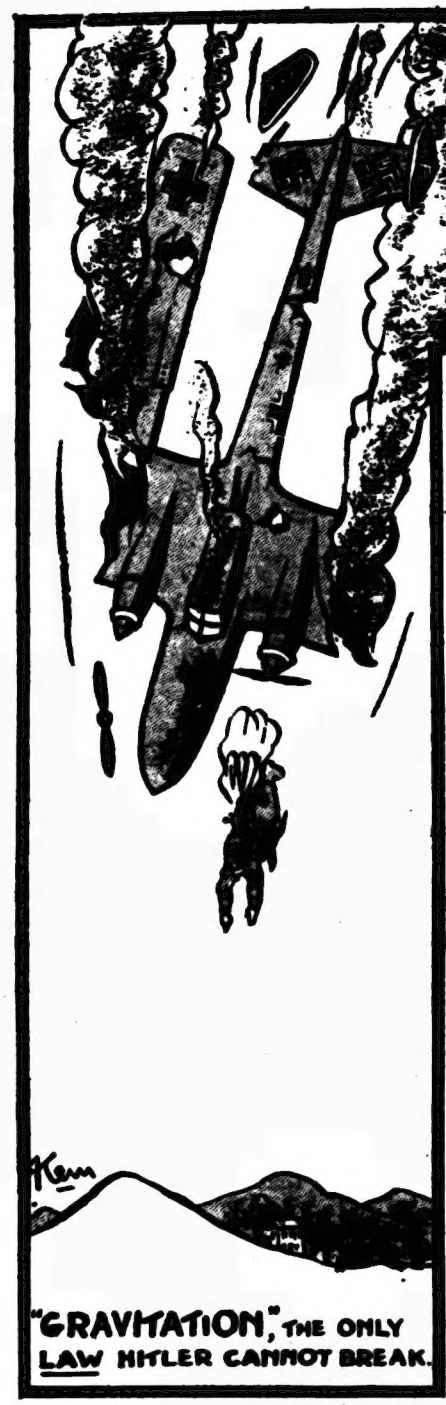
So they have to borrow money from the banks and pay interest, which increases the price the Government has to pay for their goods.

Telling Hitler

Public notices are still being posted up with the district's name prominently displayed.

A resident of a highly vulnerable town in the South-East has found the town's name on 120 posters exhibited in a single road.

Sir John Anderson should give local authorities—and particularly the police—a forcible kick.



The Meanest Yet

Old age pensions continue to take up Parliamentary time and a good deal of JOHN BULL'S postbag.

Mr. Lipson, M.P., is raising the case of a Cheltenham woman, aged eighty-three, whose 10s. pension has to keep both herself and a daughter who cares for her.

Naturally you'd think she would be granted the new supplementary pension. But the authorities have decided otherwise.

Starvation Diet

Many anomalies are due to the ignorance of officials. Here's an example:

A Bristol woman was given a doctor's certificate that she was undernourished. The employment exchange manager made her give up her part-time job.

The P.A.C., asserting that the manager exceeded authority, cannot give the victim milk or financial aid because she hasn't exhausted her small savings.

So, though entitled to extra food, she is drawing only 13s. 6d. sick pay—less than the "dole."

Forgotten Isles

One defect in the cheap milk scheme must be brought to the Minister of Health's attention.

Fresh milk is supposed to be available to all expectant mothers and children under five years of age—either free or at 2d. a pint, according to the family's income.

But Shetland Islanders find that only dried milk is available.

Not Wanted

What damnable folly to prevent Britons from fighting for their country!

A naturalised Briton, of Cossack-English stock and Liberal sympathies, speaks eleven languages and twenty-two dialects. But he cannot get war work as a linguist.

Formerly a colonel in the Russian Imperial Army, he holds Russian, French, Belgian and Italian decorations, can drive in a nail at fifty paces with a service rifle. But the Home Guard doesn't want him.

White Feathers

Rumours are flying round the N. Devon village where he lives. So are white feathers.

The stupidity of the villagers deserves censure. The authorities' stupidity deserves a good deal more.

Minister of Muddles!

Thousands of Home Guards are waiting for their uniforms. Yet unemployment in the tailoring trades has increased.

Some foodstuffs are unobtainable in many districts, are plentiful in others.

In the forthcoming Government reshuffle, why not appoint a special Minister for Muddle?

Where's the Unemployed?

He would find plenty of work in securing an equal distribution of labour.

A man who farms a thousand acres tells us that he applied at two exchanges for harvest workers. In vain. Yet at exchanges elsewhere would-be harvesters have been told that there are no vacancies.

Waste Labour

So you won't be surprised to hear that, despite Mr. Bevin's call for engineers to man the factories, a skilled engineer with ten years' experience has been called up for Army service.

A retired clock-fitter, volunteering for war work, was given a boy's job at sweeping floors and making tea.

Meeting with an injury in the factory five weeks ago, he is still awaiting compensation, and, meanwhile, is presumably expected to feed his wife and two children on air.

Yes, we want a Minister of Muddles to clear up these minor but irritating absurdities

SHOOT WITH A PLAN

IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO SAY THAT WE ARE FIGHTING HITLERISM. NOT ENOUGH TO DECLARE THAT WE SHALL CONTINUE TO FIGHT UNTIL ALL EUROPE IS FREED. WE MUST TELL EUROPE NOW HOW WE SHALL SHAPE THE PEACE!

MANY thousands of our readers know more about air raids now than they ever did before. They have lived through them. In some areas they have almost "grown used to them."

Evidence reaches us from all parts of the country that bombs have no power to break the public spirit and that they are far less destructive than they sound.

Furthermore, our Air Force has maintained its decisive superiority over the enemy and continues to destroy three or four German machines for every one it loses.

In fact, the Nazis cannot hope to beat us by bombing, and, by the same token, we must not expect to beat them by this means alone.

Nor can we win the war by resisting invasion. Sooner or later *we* must do the invading.

No doubt the Government realises this, but naturally it cannot reveal the plans it is making to take the offensive until the time is ripe.

JOHN BULL, however, agrees with Mr. Hore-Belisha, the former War Minister, in urging the need to equip at least a hundred divisions *for attack*, and to equip them more formidably than British troops have ever been equipped before.

Above all, we agree with him upon the immediate need to launch an attack of a different kind—that attack upon men's minds which we have so consistently advocated.

We say, with Mr. Belisha, that Britain must convince the world she has something better to offer it than Germany could ever promise, let alone provide.

There is no time to be lost. Let the country speak *now*, and speak in plain words that all may understand.

No matter what Mr. Attlee may say to the contrary, JOHN BULL asserts that this country has never made its war aims clear, and has scarcely so much as hinted at its aims for peace.

We doubt whether it would be possible, at this stage, to do more than summarise our *war* aims in a single word—"Victory!"

IT is true that our leaders have talked again and again of "fighting for freedom" and for the restoration of independence to those countries which Germany has overrun.

But all the world knew from the beginning that we were out to "smash Hitlerism," and that we must do that in sheer self-defence.

What Europe wants to know now, and what, indeed, all the peoples of the earth want to know, is how we propose to rebuild the world after the war is over.

The importance of this desire, said Mr. Attlee, answering a recent question in the House, "is not under-estimated," and Britain's aims "will be elaborated at the appropriate time."

No time can be so appropriate as the present.

Mr. Attlee, pressed to be more definite, remarked—either peevishly or in a poor attempt to be funny—that it is not possible to define "appropriate time" beforehand; it will be "when the time is appropriate."

JOHN BULL refuses to be satisfied with any evasion of this kind.

We were one of the first newspapers to demand a statement of Britain's long-term peace aims, but, although many of our contemporaries are now following our lead, together with thinking men of every shade of political opinion, we do not care who may claim priority in this campaign.

FOR we are not interested in "peace aims" as a propaganda "stunt." On the contrary, we contend that the only way to hasten victory and to make it worth while is to declare to our own people and to all the outside world what we are fighting for.

We have the right to know this. Our soldiers and our sailors and our airmen ought to be told the noble purpose for which they are asked to risk their lives. Our civilians need to be assured that they, too, are not making sacrifices in vain.

And tens of millions of oppressed peoples are waiting in desperate anxiety to hear our country proclaim its gospel of hope and deliverance.

Let us think clearly and face facts. Let us remember, to begin with, that most of Europe is sick of war and that among the multitude now under Nazi rule there may be a majority disposed to accept peace even on Hitler's terms.

That majority would change its mind if we could offer it a fairer and a surer future.

Even in Germany and Italy, millions of ordinary men and women would pray for our victory did they but know that British "freedom" will mean freedom for all who care to share it.

Is that what we mean by it, and, if so, why don't we say so?

All of you will remember how Winston Churchill went to France in the last days of her struggle and offered to weld the peoples of Britain and France into a single citizenship.

It was a tremendous offer. Had it been made at the beginning of the war, and accepted, it is possible that the whole course of history might have been changed. But it came too late to save the French Republic.

We say that it is not too late to make the same kind of offer to mankind.

Hitler has said plainly that he wants to set up a new "economic bloc" in Europe. He wants to establish a new order controlled by the Reich.

We know—and even Professor C. E. M. Joad, a purely "intellectual" pacifist, since convinced that we *must* defeat the Nazis, knows, too—that Hitler aims at nothing short of world enslavement, and that it were better for us to die than to yield.

We know this, but we also know that the old economic order is dead and rotten. We know that the pre-war monetary system has broken down.

"So what?" We use this vulgar Americanism because, in this instance, it is utterly appropriate. "*So what?*" Do we mean to leave Hitler to do all the talking, or are we ready to talk plainly ourselves?

JOHN BULL maintains that we ought immediately to "tell the world" how we propose to reconstruct the post-war Europe.

We suggest a broad "equal citizenship" as the basis for the new freedom and the new peace.

We suggest that the Premier should tell the world immediately that, when we have beaten the Nazis, we shall call a world conference—to include Germany and Italy—with a view to ending currency restrictions; to giving all countries an equal access to raw materials; to abolishing tariffs; yes, and even to abolishing frontiers in so far as they impede the free transit of people and goods from one country to another.

A strictly equal citizenship—such as we were prepared to offer to the French, and did, in fact, offer them—might not be workable immediately for all the willing peoples of Europe. But, in the sense of long-term policy, we should aim at nothing less.

To this end we ought to assure humanity that Britain has broken the rule of "High Finance" and "Vested Interests." We ought to "outlaw" the high priests of the old order without discrimination—dismissing, or pensioning off, the Montagu Normans, together with the Schachts.

Above all, we should give evidence of our complete change of heart by establishing the new standards of freedom throughout the Empire.

AND here in our own country we should raise the banner of true freedom not only above our own towns and cities, but above all our internment camps, so that every enemy of Hitler, every so-called "enemy alien" with the love of liberty in his heart, might have the chance to serve the high and common cause.

War aims plans cannot now be disclosed. But we see no reason whatever to conceal the grand aims for human happiness and human security for which—we believe—we are fighting.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

WE read a great deal nowadays about conserving the resources of the nation and about the imperative need for developing and using them wisely; we are told what these resources are—man-power, money and materials.

So they are; but there is a national asset more important than any of these, since on it all the others rest.

The mental health of the people is the one national asset on which no value can be put. Without it, none of our other assets is worth anything at all.

What is the good of wealth, whether of money or materials, without the wisdom and the efficiency to use it properly? What is the use of man-power, unless it is rightly and wisely directed—and unless it has the wisdom to co-operate willingly and efficiently?

National "morale," as they call it, depends on individual mental health.

That is why, in days like these, the prime duty of each one of us is to keep our minds healthy and human, free from morbidity, or depression, or flabbiness in any shape or form.

If you allow your body to become run down you are much more likely to contract an illness than if you have kept it toned up and healthy.

So you are if you let your mind become run down; and fear, hysteria, being down-in-the-dumps, and chronic anxiety are only a few of the mental illnesses you are liable to catch as a result.

Like a lot of physical illnesses, these mental ailments are highly contagious. They can be spread like wildfire by a single individual.

The best way to keep your mind healthy is to keep it busy.

You know the old tag about idle hands? It applies equally well to idle minds—and with much more disastrous results!

These Women Will Beat Hitler

By RAYMOND GEORGE

IN the last few hours before France capitulated, before the pessimistic old Marshal Pétain handed over his country to the jackboot of the Germans, I saw a Frenchwoman pouring scorn on the defeatist spirit.

She urged on the shamefaced young soldiers who had straggled back from the fighting line, and applauded the determination of Britain to fight on.

It was in a little fishing village in Brittany. The woman kept the village cafe.

Although her husband was at the front and she had had no news of him for weeks, she incarnated the soul of martial energy and courage in that village of old men.

She cooked and scrubbed, brewed coffee and poured out wine, served innumerable meals to refugees and soldiers and fishermen, and above all she kept up a running, cheerful commentary on the war. Her high-pitched, musical voice was never still.

As the bulletins on her wireless set became fewer and fewer, more and more taciturn more and more disastrous, her comments became richer and more eloquent.

When Marshal Pétain made his astounding declaration of defeat, this brave Frenchwoman's comment was monosyllabic, and of a dramatic terseness.

For days afterwards she refused to believe that France, her France, had given in. In her heart she still does not believe it.

TO-DAY her village is occupied by the Germans, but that Frenchwoman, I am certain, refuses to admit the fact of defeat. And in France there are millions like her.

But in the first months of the war there were also millions unlike her.

The women in the market-places of the provincial towns, of the suburbs of Paris, of the great central markets in the middle of Paris even, were a natural target for the subtle propaganda of the Germans

All had wireless sets, and most of them could hear, despite official jamming, the wheedling tones, the insidious arguments, of the French traitor Ferdonnet over the air from Stuttgart.

They were told that the war was a rich man's war, was Great Britain's war, was a war of the Jews and the plutocratic capitalists, in the new Nazi jargon.

ALL they knew was their sons and husbands were at the front, that nothing was happening, that food was getting scarce and prices high, and that they were at war because of the Poles, or was it because of the Czechoslovaks?

They chattered over their market baskets, over their vegetable stalls, over the big mountains of butter that people couldn't afford to buy and the chickens that were brought to the market and went away again without having their necks wrung.

They chattered, and passed on rumours, sometimes caught from Ferdonnet's latest broadcast from Stuttgart, sometimes passed on from they didn't know where, but now we know—too late—that it was a Fifth Column agent.

They whispered to each other that the great Citroën works had been completely destroyed by bombs, that Hitler would be in Paris by June 15, that there was an epidemic of 'flu in the Maginot Line, that the King of Italy would abdicate if Italy entered the war, that the entire British Fleet had been sunk, and so on and so on.

Some of the things they whispered were cheerful, some discouraging, most of them fantastic

They chattered while France surrendered, as their predecessors in 1793 knitted while heads fell under the guillotine.

But these, you will say, were simple women, humble women, who had no time for newspapers, who listened to the radio with a distracted ear, understanding only a word here and there and that but vaguely

Precisely! That is why the astute Goebbels devoted his best propaganda brains, his most cunning speakers, both male and female, to the conversion of these housewives from patriotic Frenchwomen into bitter defeatists.

WITH the women of the wealthy classes, the aristocracy, the gilded salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, Goebbels and Ribbentrop employed another technique.

Before the war they sent a host of handsome young Germans—slim, athletic, well-dressed, speaking French perfectly, dancing elegantly, playing a good hand of bridge, shaking cocktails like a professional—to dazzle and distract the Parisiennes.

Ribbentrop's diplomatic gigolos were received in the highest French circles, and were particularly welcome in the salon of the elegant, charming, and good-looking Madame Bonnet, wife of Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet.

Madame Bonnet's relations with the German agents in Paris soon became the talk of the town.

Herr Otto Abetz, Ribbentrop's unofficial ambassador to France, was a frequent guest. Now he has been rewarded by promotion to full ambassadorial rank, and he keeps Premier Pierre Laval waiting on his doorstep while he talks confidentially with another ex-Premier, Pierre Etienne Flandin.

Another intimate friend of Madame Bonnet was the German Baroness von Einem.

Both Abetz and the Baroness were expelled from France shortly before the war, but they left many dupes behind to carry on the work of treason and demoralisation.

France has always been influenced by women. Some of them, like Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael during the Revolution and the first Empire, have held emperors and statesmen captive to their charms.

GAMBETTA, the hero of the Third Republic, sacrificed his career for a woman. General Boulanger, the would-be dictator of France during the same period, lost heart on the very eve of the adventure and committed suicide, because of a woman.

A French minister of war was ruined because of his intimacy with Mata Hari, the famous German dancer spy. Another French statesman, ex-Premier Joseph Caillaux, fell from power on the outbreak of the war of 1914-18, because his wife shot a newspaper editor who had published the letters written to her by her husband before their marriage.

In the days of the monarchy, kings and ministers, generals and ambassadors, were the docile instruments of a woman's caprice. Royal mistresses were the real masters of France.

But the greatest women in French history were austere women without vanity or ambition.

All of them loved their country and their fellow-creatures, and endured suffering, and sometimes torture and death, to save France from the invader, or the tyrant, or the oppressor.

In defeat the real virtues of France are made manifest in her women.

The men of France are disillusioned, leaderless. The women, who have no interest in politics or party shibboleths, will lead the resistance against Hitler.

Defeat of France began on the market-place because the women had not been told what the war was about. Now that they know, by bitter experience, what Hitlerism means, the market-place will become the rallying point of the Frenchwoman's war on the Germans.

Frenchwomen in the market-place chattered themselves into discontent over the war which they had not been given a chance to understand

Steady Nine Miles an Hour that Still Count

● Alongside Spitfires, tanks, and Bren-gun carriers in the Middle East, one of the oldest animals in the world—the camel—still holds his own

PART of the Somaliland Camel Corps, which is bearing the brunt of the fighting in Somaliland, is mechanical.

But it has been found impossible to dispense with troops mounted on camels for scouting purposes.

In Aden we have the Aden Camel Battery, where camels are trained to carry guns. With the Egyptian Armies are units of the Sudan and Egyptian Camel Corps.

Soon, doubtless, the most famous of all "desert cavalry"—the Imperial Camel Corps—will also line up on the Middle East front.

* * *

At a steady nine miles an hour if carrying a rider, or three m.p.h. if loaded up to 600 lb. of baggage, the camel can carry on for three days—rest periods excepted—in lands where an internal combustion engine would break down.

He never gets bogged in sand. His lungs do not suffer, as do the cylinders of a motor engine, from the fine sand particles that fill the air.

And he has other advantages. He doesn't need supply trains and fuel dumps, for he carries his fuel in the hump and in the special pouches attached to the lining of his stomach.

He can be covered with a dust-sheet by his dark-skinned driver, and is more inconspicuous than a lorry can ever be.

All the same, it is doubtful whether Europeans will ever take kindly to the camel. His mentality is as complex as that of his native driver!

Though he will patiently bear tremendous strains, he may suddenly get it into his head that he is going to die, and the most expert attention will not stop him from rolling over on his side and dying, often when there seems nothing physically wrong.

Like his native master also the camel despises the West.

* * *

A professor once wrote: "The camel has been domesticated and enslaved for so long that it makes no response whatever to overtures, but continues to loathe and despise you no matter how kindly you treat him or how well you feed him.

"The very sight of you makes him feel sick, and his one request seems to be that he may be allowed to go away and die."

As for the camel's perpetual discontent, the professor declared that "camels hate being camels, but they would hate to be anything else, because in their opinion all other living creatures are beneath contempt, especially human beings."

Far-fetched? You wouldn't think so if you had had experience of these extraordinary animals!

* * *

Still, the camel, in spite of yellow teeth, hare lip and corns, continues to survive and serve.

It may be more comfortable to ride in a lorry than perched aloft on the wildly rolling back of a camel—a motion so violent that the camel police of Egypt are compelled to bind their bodies tightly with long strips of cloth—but the camel goes where the lorry cannot go.

And mobility will always be the essence of desert warfare.

OPEN LETTERS

The WAR CABINET
10, Downing Street

GENTLEMEN,—Build now an Army of several millions strong!

In making this demand, Mr. Hore-Belisha has the support of all the clear-sighted people who feel concern at the dangerously slow mobilisation of our resources.

I have brought to your attention numerous cases of young men who cannot get into uniform even though they are physically fit and anxious to play their part in defeating Hitlerism.

As I have told you, there are in my own office men who registered so long ago as last December and who are still compelled to remain passive when their country is passing through the greatest conflict in history.

It is no answer to say that they, and tens of thousands like them, will one day be called.

Even if their services are not required at the moment, even if there is no equipment for them to handle, they should be given preliminary training without further delay.

Are the camps full? Perhaps. But is it beyond human ingenuity to take over a drill-hall in every town where Service instructors could spare a few hours a week to coach the fighters of the future?

For, plainly, the future will see much fighting by great armies. Even though this is a war of surprises, there can be little doubt that we shall not secure final victory without invading the countries that Hitler has seized.

We should prepare now for that time. Whatever our preoccupations of the present, we must look and plan ahead—and the farther we plan, the quicker the war will be brought to an end.—JOHN BULL.

OFFICERS AND MEN,
the Merchant Navy

GENTLEMEN,—Even at the risk of embarrassing you, I insist on expressing my admiration and gratitude for the bravery with which you are bringing in the convoys.

Few civilians know the strain imposed upon you by the constant peril of U- and E-boats, the dive-bombers that have attacked some of your small coasters five times in a single day, and the impossibility of getting sleep until you reach port.

The full story of your courage and endurance has yet to be told. What a proud chapter it will make in the proud history of a nation that has never lacked fine seamen!—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR.—It was a humane act to set up a bureau to give news of interned aliens. It would be more humane to provide interpreters to comfort the distressed women who learn that their menfolk have been shipped off to Australia or Canada.

You might even provide pens and ink for enquirers who have to fill up official forms.—JOHN BULL.

GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING,
Eastern Command

DEAR GENERAL,—What Hitlerian lunacy your military police have shown in "moving on" soldiers who were listening to religious meetings and Ministry of Propaganda talks in Hyde Park!

The War Office will be wise to restrict the officiousness of these "red caps." For the country that is pledged to fight autocracy abroad is in no mood to tolerate autocracy at home.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—That's a bright idea—sticking 'Britain Delivers the Goods" labels on packing cases sent abroad. But Britain should Receive the Goods as well.

Twice a month at least, shiploads of scrap iron leave India for Japan. Yes, Japan!

Dealers would be glad to ship to Britain—but they've had no offers. —JOHN BULL.

Wing-Comm. E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Though intensive bombing has commenced, many vulnerable areas are still without adequate A.R.P. measures.

People within a mile of Liverpool have no filters for gas-masks, no shelters. Young schoolchildren are expected to walk through the streets to a vicarage cellar when the siren sounds.

Near Grimsby, too, people have clamoured in vain for proper shelters.

Any excuse?—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General H. C. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR SIR,—I urge you to give personal consideration to the poignant case of a B.E.F. man who, invalided back to Britain last May, is now in a Southern camp.

His wife attempted to commit suicide and is now in a Birmingham mental hospital. He is convinced that he could help her to recover if he could be near her.

To add to his dreadful worry, he has had to send his four very young children to the workhouse.

It would be merciful to release him from the Army—and I know you'll agree. —JOHN BULL.

Lady ASTOR, M.P.,
St. James' Square, London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Your interest in the welfare of women and children will prompt you, I hope, to champion the cause of the worst-paid workers in Britain.

They are the roadmen. Those in Cornwall, for example, receive only 38s. 3d. after insurance has been deducted—paid once a fortnight by cheque, and then usually five days late.

Imagine the worry of their wives in trying to rear a large family on such a pittance in these days of dear living. Imagine it—and join me in demanding a fairer wage for them.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. SINCLAIR, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—Again I must complain of your officials' sloth.

Three airmen are billeted with a poor widow, who often has to wait three weeks for the billeting allowance.

How she manages during that time on her pension of 10s. a week passes my comprehension. But she—and many like her—has to let bills run up and endure hardship so that the men in uniform shall not go short of food. Isn't it a disgrace to your Ministry?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—All young men who have been training as wireless operators for the Merchant Navy are to be conscripted for the R.A.F.—which not long ago refused to accept them as volunteers.

In announcing this decision, you offer them £6 each towards the cost of their training.

As many of them have paid £200 in fees, and as it has never been the practice to ask Service recruits to pay for their own training, that grant is contemptuously mean.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Your wise decision to discourage overlong hours of work is being ignored by some war factories.

Midland women are toiling for sixty hours a week in bad conditions; some of them are breaking down.

In the North Country, men have been engaged on cellulose spraying for nine months on night shifts.

I can rely upon you to remedy these unhealthy systems.—JOHN BULL.

Lord JESSEL,
Mayfair, London

MY LORD,—Your suggestion of turning a mile-long stretch of Rotten Row into a coal dump will shock the snobbish, but we can't afford to be squeamish if we are to avoid a repetition of last winter's shortage.

And yet, you know, our parks have already suffered heavily enough; most are scarred with trenches, anti-invader obstructions, guns and searchlights and Army huts.

We shall despoil them still further if necessary. But is there not waste land near London that, though unsuitable for allotments, might be used for coal dumps?—JOHN BULL.

HOW WE KILLED DEATH!

UNTIL a few years ago one of the most dreaded words known to medicine was streptococcus—a germ that nearly always led to a cruel death from blood poisoning.

To-day its death rate has been reduced by 75 per cent., thanks to the discovery of the sulphanilamides group of drugs.

This advance of medical science is only one of the services which the profession has marshalled in readiness to save our people from the effects of Hitler's bestiality.

Doctors are confident that if war comes to Britain on a big scale they will be able to ensure at least 40 per cent. more complete recoveries than they did in the last war.

New "spinals" and other injections will kill pain. New treatments—massage, infra-red and ultra-violet rays among them—will greatly reduce detention in hospital.

★ ★ ★

How many lives in the last war might have been saved by a blood transfusion will never be known. To-day, tens of thousands of blood donors have been enrolled, their blood classified into one of the four blood groups, stored and ready for transfusion.

Until lately there was one grave defect in this fine work of the brotherhood of man. After three weeks of storage the life-giving properties of blood died.

Now a process of preserving blood has been discovered.

Just when needed most, research scientists have found that by removing the red corpuscles and drying the residual liquid into a powder, blood can be stored for long periods without loss of its effectiveness.

Only since the Spanish war has a new method been discovered to minimise not only the pain of antiseptics, frequent dressings and tight splints on wounds, but also to increase and hasten the chances of recovery.

A Spanish surgeon applied plaster-of-paris on pieces of gauze and patted them into place both over open wounds and compound fractures.

At a stroke he had discovered a method of preventing germs from entering the wounds and causing gangrene.

Completely encased, there was neither loss of blood nor the need to suffer repeated dressings with their own attendant dangers of infection.

★ ★ ★

His record of recoveries was amazing; his experience—and three years' further research—are now at our service.

But for special cases even plaster-of-paris has given way to encasement by a newly discovered metal called Indium.

This is poured over the affected part in its molten state—and it melts at slightly over normal body temperature. It is a soothing warm "splint" that holds every pore in place in a gentle but none-the-less steel-firm grip as soon as it is chilled.

Volumes would be wanted to describe the struggle, resource—and self-sacrifice—of the men and women who have so enriched the world of medical effort.

These pioneers, these advances in medical knowledge, the finest physicians and surgeons in the country, are all assembled to help our war casualties—fighting men and civilians alike.

HEROES in Dog Collars

"Meekness" is the telegraphic address that finds the headquarters of Chaplains to the British Forces. A joke, no doubt, on the part of one of the padres who has learned to hear a bit of hearty military swearing without lifting his hands in horror, but there's nothing wishy-washy about these heroes in dog-collars says

MAURICE FAGENCE

THESE men who have been picked to look after the spiritual lives of British sailors, soldiers and airmen, include a well-known amateur boxer, a man who has ridden three times in the Grand National, an ex-deck hand, a whole host who quote the thirty-seventh of the Thirty-nine Articles of Faith in an effort to prove that they might well be allowed to fire rifles when not preaching the Gospel.

They are chosen in the first place as men's men.

When they go to the School for Padres a hefty mug of beer is automatically put next to their dinner-plates every day, unless they say "No"—which few of them ever do.

Seven out of nine denominations meet there—and just forget that there was ever any difference of opinion within the ranks of Christianity.

Thereafter, they all meet on the battlefields as brothers—Church of England, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Church of Scotland, and Jew.

Meekness, indeed! The last two men in every unit to leave the beaches of Dunkirk were the padre and the Commanding Officer.

There wasn't a unit, when the B.E.F. was being reorganised, that didn't think it had got the finest sky-pilot in the world, and made representations to the War Office to make sure it got the same man back.

The authorities have seen that this wish has been met wherever circumstances permit.

The men still grumble about the padre. The British soldier always did.

HE always will while he is *compelled* to go to a service of worship, *compelled* to dress up like a Christmas tree first, and, furthermore, is scrutinised before the service by everybody from the General down to the Orderly Corporal.

Not that the chaplain ordains that this should be. He doesn't. He is only the man who gets the blame.

But the men who blame him wouldn't see him swapped for anybody else in the wide, wide world.

Roughly speaking, one chaplain is appointed to every 1,100 men.

Every battleship and cruiser carries a Church of England "sky-pilot," and others of various denominations are distributed among the smaller vessels.

Work it out for yourself. It means that there is never a battle on land or sea in which there are not padres playing their part.

In the last war 166 of them were killed in action, many hundreds wounded.

They were the only participants whose sacrifices were not commemorated in some special war memorial!

In this war—due to the fact that troops are more widely scattered than in the days when armies faced each other as two lines—their work is far harder.

In France, last winter, some of them had to serve areas fifty times bigger than some of the biggest parishes at home—at least 30 per cent. of them on foot.

In those weeks of the hardest weather for thirty-six years, no members of the British Field Force endured greater hardship than those men who were travelling from dawn to dusk along snow-bound roads to hold five, six and even seven services a day.

WHEN it was impossible for many of the troops to go far afield they were miniature E.N.S.A.'s, organising concerts to relieve boredom, or, in their capacity as unofficial channel through which Tommy can express his dissatisfaction, visiting distant members of their scattered flocks.

Then came the great retreat—and there wasn't one of the 320 odd padres in France and Belgium who didn't prove himself.

General Headquarters ordered that people not essential to the rearguard movement should make their own way to Dunkirk.

Not a single padre left by as much as a minute ahead of his men.

One, a man well over military age, raked together Belgian nurses and doctors and improvised a hospital that treated hundreds of patients in the few days of its existence.

He didn't leave until the safety of the last man was assured—and then with the Germans a few minutes away.

They held services only when the men asked—but they held them often.

Sometimes they were little roadside prayer-and-hymn circles of the kind you so often see in Britain, but with German aeroplanes machine-gunning from overhead.

One chaplain held eight such services in a day.

The battle intensified. So did the work of the chaplains.

A friend of every soldier, he soon became the idol of every child in the French villages where he was billeted

They had to dart backwards and forwards ministering to the dying and the wounded, cheering up the living, crossing and recrossing roads under fire—and always foot-slogging twice as far as any other man.

One of their most sacred tasks was to bend over dying men and catch those last whispered words intended for their loved ones, words that only they and those they were meant for will ever hear.

The last time one of them was seen he was bending low among a group of dying boys listening to those sacred confidences.

The Germans engulfed him as he strove to catch their words. He would not leave while there was a danger of one precious word going unheard.

ONE of the saddest discoveries on that retreat was that many Jews have joined the British Forces as Christians—afraid of the consequences should they have been captured.

The problem arose of burying with due respect to their race those who were killed, for the Jewish clergy, of whom there were several in France, were only attached to entirely Jewish units.

So, whatever his denomination, each chaplain carried a copy of the Jewish burial service. A Jewish soldier was always found to read the service.

Meanwhile, the chaplain stood apart, his eyes closed, his head bowed, his lips whispering what was in his heart to Him who made Jew and Gentile alike.

They held their services all the way back to the beaches—and on the beaches themselves, with German airmen raining down death on them.

One chaplain, celebrating Holy Communion on the sands, had his congregation dispersed five times by dive-bombing attacks. Each time the congregation was dispersed. Always it came together again.

In the words of one soldier: "For forty-eight hours those padres were just bandaging and burying, burying and bandaging."

Then they were reluctant to leave.

Time and again the sky-pilots waded out to help soldiers on to the boats, and waded back again to be the last men to leave before the Commanding Officers.

On many of the crowded ships bound for Blighty there were calls for prayer—calls that came from the hearts of the men themselves.

On one packed mine-sweeper the men yelled for the padre.

Held over the men's heads in a pulpit of human arms, with water running from his drenched clothes, he offered thanks to God.

There were hymns, lustily sung. And at the right moment the hymns changed to songs, the kind of songs British soldiers have always sung, with the padre joining in. . . .

Telegraphic address: "Meekness, London." Yes, that must be a joke.

The modern chaplain certainly has a sense of humour. It completes him as a real MAN.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

MR. MILLS, an "Old Contemptible" who was gassed in the last war, suffers so badly with chest trouble that he has been unable to work for the past few years.

He has no pension. With a wife and two children to support, he struggles bravely to pay rent and insurance amounting to nearly 14s. a week from his allowance of £1 9s. 6d. and National Health Insurance.

His son, aged fifteen, has recently been ill.

The family doctor states that this applicant "is a very honest and upright man. . . . I am sure he will put to good use any help that you can send to him."

Donations should be earmarked "Bronchial," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously and under various pseudonyms.

STUART MARTIN, in this vivid account of a convoy's adventures, proves that no U-boat can defy the R.A.F.'s flying-ships

Bomber Beats U-Boat

A CLEAR sky, a cold, keen wind; a straggling line of ships on the whipped sea; two destroyers fussing up and down—and on every ship's bridge an officer scanning the skies with powerful binoculars.

That was the homeward-bound convoy.

Not a speck on the sea or in the air, yet these binoculars kept sweeping the skies. The convoy was nearing the rendezvous.

Far away the object these seamen were trying to find was coming towards them at a speed of several hundred miles per hour.

Four 1,000-h.p. engines were driving the great sea-plane that contained a crew of eight young men of the R.A.F.

She was one of the many owned by Britain that daily scour the air-lines of a million square miles from the Bay of Biscay, for a thousand miles out into the Atlantic, and up the North Sea to Iceland, taking in Germany's coastline on the run.

The pilot of this monster flying-boat, a London Scot named Aleck Macsomething, was not late for the rendezvous. The R.A.F. are never late.

Before the leading ships had picked up the aircraft the pilot had already spotted them, and the radio operator had sent out a message to the convoy.

The message gave the "Hail" and was a warning of bad weather ahead, of coming fog and hail and rain.

Flight Officer Aleck was about to send a second message to the convoy advising them that they were many miles out of their course when flash-flash came a signal from the convoy leader.

"Enemy submarine sighted four hours ago. . . . Suspect not far off. . . . Drove her off twice. . . ."

So that was why the convoy was out of its expected course!

FLIGHT OFFICER ALECK handed over to his second pilot and walked aft to make sure that his crew were at the ready. "Walked aft" because this flying-boat, like others of her type, is more than a 'plane.

It is a flying ship, the largest craft of the R.A.F.

Up and down the ladders, along the gang plank, and into the tunnel towards the tail went Officer Aleck, shouting a word here and there as he went; then back to his station at the wheel.

A signal from an observer as the flying-boat heeled over and banked to starboard again brought Aleck's gaze towards his right.

Yes, there was the long, dull shape of a U-boat far below, swimming like a gigantic shark under the waves; and like a shark, too, in that it was come for prey.

Down swept the flying-boat, and an egg dropped from her tail. A second later a column of ocean rose like an enormous mushroom, hovered an instant, and collapsed.

The sea was torn and twisted in foam. Down went a little yellow bomb, and as it hit the surface it burst into a thick cloud of smoke.

Almost before the smoke had risen from the sea a destroyer detached itself from the convoy and a shell thudded into the midst of the smoke cloud.

Then more shells. Bang, bang, bang, went the guns of the destroyer as it raced towards the spot.

The ships of the convoy pushed ahead, zigzagging. Destroyers raced up and down the flanks, signalling this and that, pushing the ships away from the scene of attack.

The attacking destroyer charged into the smoke, firing as it went; and then other sounds split the air. Depth charges were being dropped all around.

Flash-flash went more signals. There goes the U-boat out of the turmoil, limping, staggering, trying to submerge.

Down came the flying-boat in a dive. Down went her bombs, too. The ocean was lashed into a froth like soapsuds in a tub.

Nothing built by man could live in that vortex of destruction. The R.A.F. and the Navy had let loose a fury that would find its echo in Berlin.

More signals between the flying-boat and the destroyers flickered. The sea gradually settled, the foam spread wide and lost its whiteness.

Flight Officer Aleck dropped down a few hundred feet, almost skimming the surface. No sign of the U-boat was to be seen.

Then the atmosphere changed quickly. The rain and hail that had been left behind near England swept down. The convoy was hidden in the heavy mist. The ocean became part of the atmosphere.

For an hour Flight Officer Aleck hovered around, widening his beat, hoping to see the end of the enemy submarine.

NOBODY saw the end, for that must have taken place deep in the Atlantic, where all tragedy is covered from human view.

But the observers picked up patches of oil, a little flotating débris, as the craft swept through the rain and mist.

Pilot Aleck gave the "thumbs up" signal. The navigator grinned and laid the new course—back to find the convoy and bring it home into the Channel and safety.

"We'll fetch it in ten minutes," the navigator announced at last; and added: "At least, we should."

Nine minutes passed. The flying-boat kept well above the grey seas. Danger was everywhere during that tense nine minutes.

Ten minutes struck. The navigator was as rigid as a seated statue now.

"There they are!" signalled an observer.

Like ghosts, steaming very slowly in the dim twilight of the storm, the merchant ships appeared.

Pilot Aleck brought his craft down so that he flew abreast up the line. It seemed to be shorter.

IT was shorter. A signal came up to him that three ships had gone astray. They had become separated from the rest in a squall.

Aleck signalled back: "Keep right ahead. I'll look for them."

Away the flying-boat swung on its new job. How was it possible to find three ships in that murk and foulness? But they just had to be found.

One after another they were identified, told to alter course, dictated to gently but firmly, and, having been brought into position again, they followed the 'plane by sound alone.

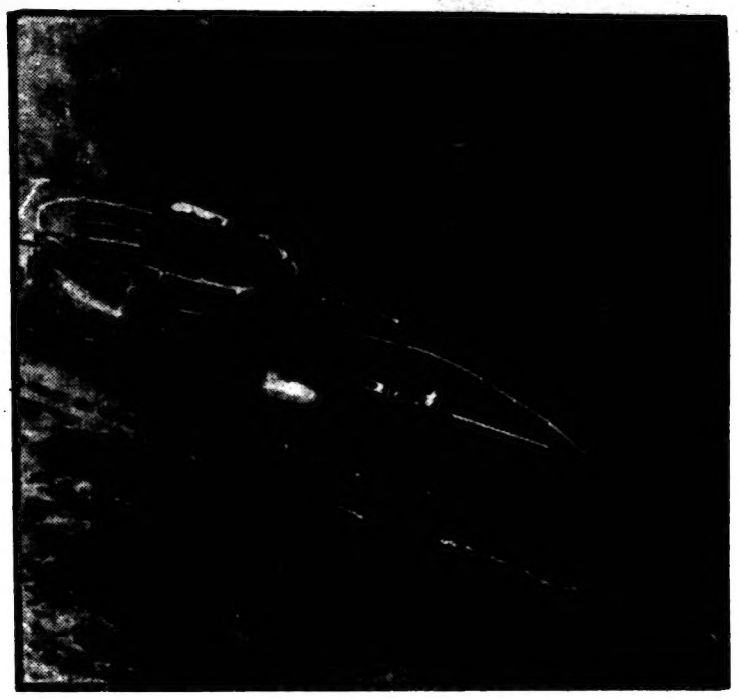
Strangely and symbolically the mist and rain changed as the three waifs tacked thankfully once again to the end of the convoy.

The leading destroyer, sighting Aleck's 'plane coming up in the clearing sky, signalled anxiously, "What about my stragglers?"

Aleck dictated the answer his radio operator sent back with true R.A.F. composure and triumph.

"Read Gospel of St. Luke, chapter 15, sixth verse."

If you want to know what that was, just be like the commander of the destroyer and look up the New Testament.



Before sinking this 500-ton sea going U-boat with its 3.5 gun on the foredeck, the pilot of a British aircraft took this amazing photograph of his prey's efforts to submerge

Britain is winning the air war because of two momentous decisions made by—

EIGHT WIZARDS of the AIR

WHENEVER you read another stirring story of how our Spitfires or Hurricanes are "shooting 'em down"—fifty and sixty at a time—or of our bombers' clockwork raids, spare a thought for eight men who have made possible the feats of our marvellous young flyers.

Some of these eight benefactors, four years or more back, had to take supreme decisions.

Whether our fighters should be armed with the terrific, concentrated fire-power of eight machine-guns, spitting forth bullets at the rate of 9,600 rounds a minute, or whether, like the enemy, to plump for cannon?

Let us put Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, the present Chief of Fighter Command, in the first place. Sir Hugh was, in 1936, member of the Air Council for Research and Development.

Imagine him for a moment looking with critical eyes at the first fighter Spitfire. Designed to an Air Ministry specification, it appeared at the R.A.F. display in 1934. It had only four guns, one in each wing and one in each side of the fuselage.

Sir Hugh and his fellow-experts did some hard thinking.

Deadly Battery

The Spitfire, designed next year, had *eight* guns, four in each wing—now acknowledged to be the most decisive single factor in fighter warfare.

Sir Hugh, no doubt, will pass on the praise to four of his Service colleagues.

To his then Chief of Staff on the Council, Marshal Sir Edward Ellington.

To Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, then Air Member for Supply and Organisation, since Chief of Staff; and to Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, then Air Member for Personnel, now head of Coastal Command.

Add to these a civil engineer of whom you've never heard, Mr. H. E. Wimperis, who in those fateful years was Director of Scientific Research.

Thanks also to three more—the designers.

"Spitfire" R. J. Mitchell could not see the final glory of his work. His death in 1937—he was then only forty-two—was an immeasurable loss.

Another still young benefactor, at forty-six, is Sydney Camm, inventive genius behind the Hurricane.

Fortress of Steel

Few but the experts have heard of A. Fraser-Nash, who invented the power-driven gun turret.

As far back as 1932 he submitted a design of a modern turret to the Government, and he has revealed that it did not at first meet with a very ready welcome. It was a crude contraption.

But it was the beginning of Fraser-Nash's entirely enclosed four-gun rear turret which to-day is shooting down enemy fighters and saving us countless men, machines and money.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

Food Price Tricks

"IN Liverpool this week, at a popular store, I saw fresh fruit marked at 1½d. a pound. On my return in the evening the same fruit had been increased to 5d.

"What chance has a woman living on a pension of ten shillings a week to buy at such a price? Ever since 1921, when my husband died, I have struggled along; in these times when fresh fruit—essential to health—is so dear, it is beyond my means."

This Liverpool reader's letter is one of a large number piled before me and typifies the hardship imposed on thousands of people by the food profiteers.

Let me continue to quote from her letter:—

"**Take the case of vegetables. Fresh peas are out of the question, but the dried varieties that were once 2d. and 2½d. a pound, are now as much as tenpence and a shilling.**

"**And while thousands of people have to go without, because they cannot afford to buy at such rates, the Government still remains inert about it all!**"

From Morecambe a reader writes no less indignantly about the price of jellied veal. She was asked to pay 16s. for a 6-lb. tin which, before the war, was dear at a third of that price.

As this commodity is one of many for which the Government has not yet fixed a "controlled" price, retailers can charge just what they like.

Down Devon way, too, the scandal is arousing angry comment.

"I am living near a dealer," writes a reader there, "who is profiteering in many ways. He has increased the prices of many things, including pepper, nutmeg and starch.

Yet, owing to the lack of price control, he can do it with impunity with the "take it or leave it" air.

Even worse is the ramp in fresh fruit prices, but it is not the growers who reap the unfair profits.

Hundreds of tons of fruit are rotting on the trees in Worcestershire because growers cannot obtain enough money in the wholesale markets to repay them for picking.

In Worcester there have been pathetic scenes, scores of small farmers having actually queued up in a desperate attempt to secure a shilling "a pot" for plums. "A pot" is fruit growers' language for 72 pounds.

No arithmetic needed here to realise the growers' plight!

"I sent five pots of the finest plums to Birmingham market," one farmer writes, "and all I got back was a bill for two and threepence—carriage. They didn't even cover the cost of transport.

"Yet I get letters from friends in various parts of the country telling me they cannot buy plums at a reasonable price."

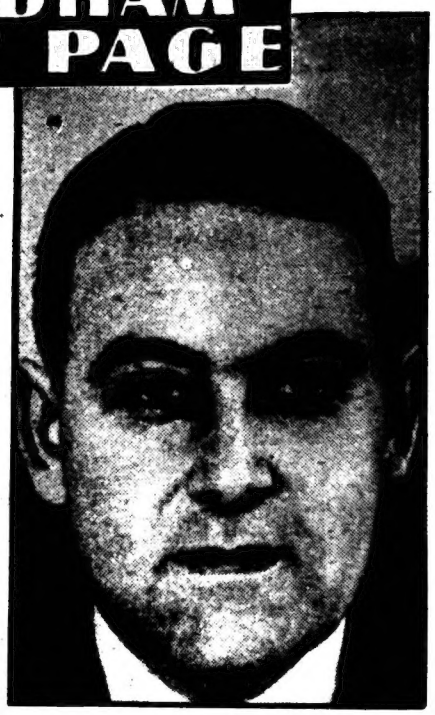
There was some talk of the Government controlling the plum crop at a fixed price. But, as with so many other foodstuffs, the problem of controlling prices has been shelved.

Another farmer, rightly protesting that wholesalers and retailers are getting a rake-off in ways that should not be allowed, sent a hundred tons of apples to market where, despite the high prices ruling in many shops, they fetched fourpence a pound!

"If he did not care to let them go at that price he could take them back."

He was two shillings and sixpence out of pocket on the deal for cartage!

The only way we shall ever get this food profiteering scandal ended is to complain and protest on every side. I urge housewives to write to me if they are charged too much or feel that they have not had a square deal.



Mr. E. S. Herbert, Chairman of the London Price Regulation Committee, heads the fight against profiteers in food

Tax Crooks are Busy

DRASTIC action must be taken immediately against War Tax Dodgers. While the small taxpayer is willingly shouldering the new burdens of the Budget, certain "Big Fish" are slipping smoothly through the official net.

And in many cases the collection-at-source regulations will not restrict them.

All kinds of tricks are being employed by unscrupulous and wealthy people to evade their tax responsibilities. JOHN BULL knows that high officials of the Inland Revenue have complained about the ease with which these tricks can be managed.

In the last year for which statistics are available, more than £2,000,000 due for income tax was written off as "irrecoverable."

Chief among the offenders are financiers and speculators whose complicated affairs can always be made to appear to be in a state of flux.

Others are in the "landlord class" who can nowadays stress the fact that their incomes have been gravely affected through the war.

A group of speculators in provincial towns have, since the war, invested heavily in secret wool and textile "deals." Not content with reasonable profits, they have evaded taxation by ingenious means.

They have arranged with the "buying" members of their group to supply two invoices for each particular deal. One has been dealt with in the usual way and cleared by cheque; the other has been settled by a cash transaction that has not been put through the books.

It is an open secret among friends that so successful have these tactics been in one case that the man concerned has lately refrained from paying too much cash into his bank through fear of possible enquiry.

To give a brief outline of another case, there is a woman who owns several successful businesses, one of which is an hotel. She keeps a docile secretary, who has to keep two sets of books.

One is specially prepared for the Inland Revenue authorities!

Careful stocktaking and an ingenious scrutiny on stock sold over the counter at lower prices than those sold per glass enable her to work wonders with her subterfuges.

In official circles tax dodgers like her are called "The Sixth Column." They scuttle warships before their keels are laid!

A scandal recently investigated by detectives working in close collaboration with the Attorney-General's department concerned two men (one of whom had been under suspicion before) who are known to have robbed the Inland Revenue of many thousands of pounds through the use of dummy books and "doubled" invoices.

Landlords—several cases are coming to light in the East End of London—have tried to dodge paying their dues on the ground that their tenants refuse to pay rentals either wilfully or by taking advantage of the War Emergency Powers Act.

Income tax authorities have actually been compelled to levy on some of these landlords' goods—which means that collectors have had to get powers to collect rents direct from the tenants in order to force the landlords to pay up!

Cases have been reported where months of labour have been wasted by collectors who have had to pay regular calls on the tenants of defaulting landlords.

In other words, officials of the Inland Revenue have been forced to act as unpaid rent collectors!

Fortunately, the Inland Revenue Staff Federation has decided to ask the Board of Inland Revenue to tighten the existing machinery, so as to prevent tax evasion by tricksters who are already framing plans to meet the new deduction-at-source regulations.

And the Board must act quickly!

"WEALTHY" HOAXER DUPES WIDOW; NEW BLACK-OUT WARNING; YORKSHIRE FIRM TO BAN

C. W. BAINES, who is supposed to hold important financial interests in Japan, is fond of quoting long passages from the Scriptures.

At Ipswich, he ran the "Suffolk Foot Hospital" and "The Theatre Lovers' Association," both of which were abortive. Tradespeople who supplied him with goods on credit have been left whistling for their money.

One of his dupes is a widow who opened a guest house with her little capital.

Baines not only succeeded—with the aid of plausible stories—in living well, rent free, for months, but also extracted a large sum of money from her.

He assured her that the War Office had sent him to France to make a special survey of hospitals there. Another tale dealt with the fortunes that were shortly coming to him from abroad.

Owing to her reduced circumstances, she had to withdraw her two young sons from public schools, as she can no longer pay the fees.

Baines also boasts of having read for the Bar and formed several successful companies. If you meet him, feign deafness!

* * *

MORE cruel impostors are preying upon the relatives of serving soldiers.

One, in Leeds, pretended to have important information for the mother of a man reported missing and borrowed a substantial sum from her.

Then, using another name, he duped another woman whose missing husband—so he said—was wounded and last seen in a French hospital. The man is actually a prisoner of war in Germany!

Several warrants have been issued for this rogue.

* * *

J. W. WILSON AND SON, Coppergate, York, offer their services in the purchase of businesses. I have several cases where they have had clients' money for months, done little for it, and shown a remarkable slackness in refunding it.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MRS. J. DALE, Rosedale West, Pickering, Yorks, receives this week's £1 1s. for sending me information of a most interesting character.

Latest example concerns £65 that has been in dispute since last November!

Among the various excuses made by Wilson and Son is that a large cheque was returned dishonoured by one of their creditors and this has put them on the wrong side.

I'm so tired of their excuses that I advise everyone to leave their offers alone.

* * *

ARMED with order books and receipt vouchers of reputable firms, a crook is swindling small shopkeepers all over London and near-by towns.

He pretends to be able to supply special lines of goods; and though he doesn't get away with large sums—£4 or £5 is the average—he has made hundreds of pounds in the last few weeks.

Warrants are out for his arrest in the names of Hall, Lawrence and Silver. Small dealers in confectionery are among his easiest victims.

* * *

NOW that nights are getting shorter, A.R.P. crooks will redouble their efforts. Already I am receiving complaints about tricksters who advertise blinds and other materials which do not arrive after the money for them has been forwarded.

Two rogues I exposed—Barry Bloch and Eli Spain—were recently caught for a stirrup-pump ramp.

It was a profitable line—even while they were on remand for a few weeks in custody; advertisements brought them in £2,500 in sums of seventeen shillings and sixpence!

Both are now in jail.

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

MEN OF THE EMPIRE: No. 1—*Britain in her need called to all her sons. Her drums throbbed: "Come, my children, those that will!" From every quarter of the Empire the drums beat back their swift answer: "We come!" Behind each man's coming is an individual story. Here rings the voice of Canada; one story taken haphazard from among the countless thousands that Britain's staunch sons have to tell*

By RICHARD CHARTERIS

THE sturdy private soldier, sitting solitary in the midst of the gay, chattering restaurant, attracted my attention.

At his shoulder I picked out the white lettering, "CANADA"; on his breast were ribbons from the last war.

I crossed to his table and spoke to him.

Almost at his first phrase I knew that I was fortunate. Here was no patriot on impulse, or one influenced by mass example, but a man inspired by some deep inner conviction.

"My name's Barton, David Barton, or Dave if you prefer it," he said, in his pleasing Canadian accent.

A smile of comradeship shone from his frank, bronzed face; and a smile looked out from his intense blue eyes.

"As for my joining up," he said, "I could probably fake up some reason—but it wouldn't satisfy me—nor you, I think.

"I couldn't tell you why, no more than most of those fellers I saw flooding the recruiting offices back in Canada; young huskies from the lumber camps, men toughened and burned by sun and wind from the corn belts, the ranches and the fisheries; mechanics and trappers, clerks and mine-workers, leathery old veterans from the last war and eager youngsters who've just learned how to shave.

"They simply downed tools to take up the only weapons they felt mattered. Now they want to handle guns and 'planes and tanks. And they won't let you down."

Soon, as we talked, I began to feel that he was not just an expression of Canada, but Canada itself.

He spoke with pride of his admixture of English, Scots and Irish blood!; but he was essentially Canada, solitary but self-sufficient and plumb full of hope and assurance.

He told of the first settlers of his family, his great-grandparents, and I knew then that from those sources of intense endeavour and sacrifice, of risks and tests of manhood, Dave Barton himself had been shaped.

Of his grandmother he spoke with possessive affection. "Yes she was a great girl," he mused.

"She lived in the little town of Whitworth, in the hard old days. She was crazy about healing and medicine. She lived for it, and became the first woman doctor in Western Canada. That was Dr. Charlotte Ross.

"She was only a little slip of a thing, but the old folk, when I was a lad, told many stories of her setting out on some call of duty, miles distant, with a gun slung over her shoulder.

"My great-grandfather, Joseph Whitehead, was a real character, though," he said, chuckling at some memory. "He worked together with the great railroad pioneer, George Stephenson, on the first successful steam-engine. The Rocket; and during their test runs he acted as fireman.

"They used to tell at home of how after a triumphant trip to Darlington, with granddad stoking, and the mayor and civic worthies there to greet them, The Rocket knocked down the mayor and killed him.

"I think that bloodthirsty engine repeated its crime on another occasion, when it killed a Home Secretary of England, Huskisson, I believe he was called, in similar circumstances.

"After that Darlington affair my great-grandfather came out to Canada.

"My home-town, Moosomin, Saskatchewan, a tiny place of only 2,000 inhabitants, is not without its importance

"It's a big grain centre, and has bred some weighty figures in Canada's story; six judges, a Chief Justice, and our boss of the moment, Lt.-General Macnaughten, in command of the Canadian forces.

"I was a youngster studying medicine when the last war broke out; but my brother and I talked it over, plumped for the bigger and immediate issue, and joined up He was not so lucky as I was, for his exploits as an Air Force pilot left him with badly crippled legs.

"When the call came this time, I knew there was only one thing to do.

"They were great times, when the lads poured in to enlist.

"After three weeks, we started the big rail trek across country, 2,000 miles to Halifax. To the youngsters from the prairie this was a real beano.

"DURING that trip, too, we realised the potential might and power of our Canada. We sped through the vast prairie lands of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, limitless oceans of grain land, through Ontario, centre of mining, fruit and farm produce, and source of our gold, silver and nickel.

"Off again, across the Northern tip of New Brunswick, home of forest pulp mills and lumber; down to Nova Scotia, from where you get the bulk of your apples.

"Many friendships were struck up, and as the days passed I became aware of what a strange bunch we really were.

There was human material there for a hundred modern Jack Londons. There was a good sprinkling of ribbons from the last war; but the talk was chiefly about personal work and the many-sided life throughout Canada; reminiscences and tales told by their fathers of the old trapping days, of the Bear and Slave Lakes, Labrador, deeds of famous hunters in the Hudson Bay Company, the great snow trails, the Gold Rush to Klondike forty years ago, with its record of staggering rewards and tragic despairs.

"My home town has bred some mighty characters . . . General Macnaughten's dad ran the local stores there while my dad was lumber-jacking"

"The voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful. That, however, was entirely due to the Boys of the Navy. Hearty handshakes for them, and a prayer, too; for they are heroes of the true breed, as we had every reason to know.

"FIVE vessels were in our convoy, and we were escorted by seventeen destroyers and torpedo boats. For seven days we zigzagged across the ocean, and how joyous we were to see the shores of Bonnie Scotland, and go steaming up the Clyde.

"We were transported in one of the finest luxury liners in the service; and I am afraid that by giving us the run of the state-rooms we were discouraged for a very long while from the later rigours of military life.

"We entrained for a military centre in the South of England.

"It was then that we ran into our first experiences of the black-out, and for our prairie-bred lads it has called for much adjustment, I can tell you.

"Soon, fortunately, we moved again. Not one of us liked that military township. There was a coldness abroad that chilled.

"But that unpleasant page was amply balanced by the warm and wonderful welcome and the continued hospitality that was our fortune at Nottingham. We felt that kings could not have been treated more royally. Our great reception revived memories of the warm greeting and fellowship that was our portion back in 1914.

"There is a marked difference, as we old sweats find it, between then and now.

"I'm wondering how much of the change is vital. There seemed to be more enthusiasm then. All shoulders were at the wheel, and in the main, men knew what they were driving at.

"The average Canadian is here to fight for a double motive.

"First, there is the irresistible response to the vital need of the Motherland. But, also, he feels that this struggle opens up a wider issue: the fight for Freedom and all that decent men hold as holy.

"And there's one thing we Canucks never lose sight of.

"We know that we owe the Old Motherland a debt which can never be repaid. She nursed us and made us. I suppose I'm trying to respond for what was done for my great-grandparents, grandparents and parents; and, yes, for myself direct—and my generation in Canada.

"What matters why? We're on parade."

COURAGE CONQUERS

IT'S a lump-in-the-throat thing, this courage which shines out from the humblest heart; it has no fine words to extol it, it just plays its decent part. It is something so touching and simple, so plain and honest and grand, and you find it wherever you go, up and down throughout our land.

IT'S like an everyday garment that's ready for everyday wear, and there's something within its fabric that calamity cannot tear. It is ancient, and touched with glory, and there's heritage in its strands, and a blessing shines upon it from the touch of Commending Hands.

IT is something that can't be measured, nor trained or organised. It's mingled with stuff of miracles with which our souls are baptised. It's the greatest thing about us, our foes know it as well as friend, for this common-or-garden courage means God's World without End.

AND so those who try to invade us from shore, and sea, and air, will find it burning fiercely in all hearts everywhere. For it's the life force of our Empire, it is our very core; it is the Finger Prints of Heaven upon our shield of war.

BUT by whatever name you call it, it is the unbeatable soul writing in blood and agony upon Time's living scroll, some small and humdrum duty done at need's grim call; it's the big way of doing something that in itself is small.

J. M.

ARGUE IT OUT BY PALLAS

Need the Young be War's Victims?

SHE stood at the bar in the hotel, a little queen in her own right. Several officers were drinking with her. They were smiling and laughing, and always their gaze was directed at her.

She was a beautiful girl—and she knew it; knew that admiration was hers to command. And as the little party grew merrier the sound of their laughter echoed more loudly round the lounge.

All harmless fun, it seemed.

Indeed, there appeared to be something fine about the whole thing—the frank comradeship of youth, the snatching of an hour or two of gaiety in a world of uncertainty.

Yet I knew that there was nothing fine about it. There was something vile—the vileness of a pretty, unprotected girl of seventeen on the brink of moral and social disaster.

I knew that she was constantly out with officers, running round in their cars, going home late, posing as a sophisticated woman of the world.

She was of the "I know how to take care of myself" type. She didn't know she was rushing headlong at life before she had learned to crawl.

Something in her was slowly being strangled. Her eyes were growing harder and more calculating.

* * *

The war had served her a dirty trick. It had left her to run her own life—a task for which she was untrained and ill-equipped.

Her father was an officer. Her mother had left home years ago. And so here was a beautiful girl caught up in the tide of war and flung into a dangerous maelstrom of a life of stupidity, drink and artificial gaiety.

Don't blame her for her folly. Blame instead the father who had introduced her to pubs and to dubious friends.

He apparently had thought it a good and modern thing to see his daughter having a glass of bitter and mixing with men twice and three times her age.

In times of war we have a sense of changed values. Standards of morality go by the board.

Why this should be so is beyond me. Life—war or no war—goes on, demanding of us our best and imposing on us certain obligations. There is no escape from those duties.

This question of morals is a peculiar one.

Near my home are stationed thousands of soldiers. And every little girl in the neighbourhood, whether she's pretty or plain, plump or skinny, tall or short, can pick up a man in khaki.

Every night the girls parade the town. There is a lot of harmless badinage, some crude and not too pleasant laughter. Outwardly the whole thing is without vice.

* * *

But I would not like to see a daughter of mine engaged in the pleasant art of what is known as "clicking" or "getting off," especially in these days of lax morals and false values.

The question is one of common-sense and of parental control.

Every time I think of that beautiful girl chasing the tawdry things in life I think not of the folly of youth, but of the carelessness of age.

Parents to-day have more than ever a duty towards their children.

We are fighting for the right to live in peace, in honour and in decency.

That fight must be waged in the homes of Britain as well as on the battlefields.

We want to emerge from this struggle a people refined by the fires of sacrifice, a people worthy of the high task to which Destiny has called us, a people fit to lead the nations in remoulding the world.

Relaxation of moral values, a contempt for the cardinal virtues, will not help us to achieve that end.

HITLER'S

The picture of a starvi with harrowing detail to dope the outside answer

By A.

Albanian hillmen are showing Mussolini that he cannot plunder their land as easily as Hitler is looting conquered territories

WINTER is coming. The most fateful winter in the history of mankind. For in its wake comes the spectre of Hitler's Famine.

All Europe, from the Vistula to the Straits of Dover and from the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay, lies crushed, desolated, gasping under his merciless heel.

He set out to conquer the world by a lightning terror that should give him victory, instant, universal, final.

His lightning blow has failed. It has broken on the impregnable rock of Britain.

By this time he had calculated that we should be beaten to the dust.

BUT HE HAS NOT CONQUERED US. HE HAS NOT BEGUN TO CONQUER US. HE NEVER WILL CONQUER US.

AND, FAILING HERE, HIS WHOLE GIGANTIC CONSPIRACY IS DOOMED.

HITLER KNOWS THIS, AND WITH THE CUNNING THAT NEVER FAILS HIM HE SEEKS TO ESCAPE HIS FATE BY EXPLOITING THE AGONIES THAT HE HAS INFLICTED ON HIS MILLIONS OF VICTIMS.

"Europe is faced with famine," cries the myriad voice of Goebbels throughout the world. "Save its starving people from the brutal British blockade."

The purpose of this cry is plain. It is not to save Hitler's victims from famine. It is to save Hitler and Nazi Germany from defeat.

It is to strike out of our hand the weapon with which we are going to save the liberties of the world—the liberties of America, to whom Goebbels especially appeals.

IN A WORD, WE ARE TO BE THE INSTRUMENT OF OUR OWN DEFEAT BY TRYING TO AVERT THE CALAMITY THAT HITLER HAS ENGINEERED AND MADE INEVITABLE. FOR THE FAMINE WHICH IS IMMINENT IS HITLER'S FAMINE.

It is he who has lain waste the territories of ninety million people.

It is he who has shattered their cities, enslaved their peoples, trampled on their soil, stolen their cattle, their food, their gold.

It is he who has seized their ports and, in doing so, has closed them to the supplies which, as neutrals, our blockade permitted to reach them.

Before considering what course we should pursue in this great matter, let us try to ascertain the real facts of the menace.

In this case, as always, Hitler speaks with two voices. When he seeks to impress the world with the invincibility of Germany he says (July 19): "Our food supplies are such that we can face any emergency, no matter how long it may be."

Day and night his broadcasts proclaim that the British blockade is a myth. Our sea power is broken. His blockade of Britain is in the ascendant. It is we, not Germany, who are threatened with famine.

There are, no doubt, vast stores of food in Germany. They claim to have 7,000,000 tons of grain in their bins. The plunder of the territories they have conquered have added 2,000,000 tons more.

This does not mean that their people are adequately fed. For years they have bee under-nourished, as the alarming statistics o the increase of rickets, tuberculosis and othe diseases show.

It is the war machine which is fed. It estimated that 1,000,000 tons of potatoes a used annually for fuel alcohol.

The people are starved of fats, for the fats are producing glycerine and nitro glycerine for the war machine.

The children are starved of milk, eve of skimmed milk, for the casein needed fo the production of aeroplane parts is derive from skimmed milk. And so on through th whole gamut of necessaries.

Ever since the war Germany has exporte food her people need in order to provid foreign currency to further feed the wa machine. Only one class in Germany ha plenty. It is the Army.

THE NORWEGIANS, THE DANES, TH DUTCH AND THE REST ARE BEIN STARVED TO ENABLE HITLER TO CON SUMMATE THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION.

LET THE AMERICANS REMEMBER TH WHEN THEY HEAR GOEBBELS APPEALIN TO THEM TO SAVE THE PEOPLES O EUROPE FROM "THE BRUTAL BRITIS BLOCKADE."

It is not Hitler's victims who would bene fit by the relaxing of the blockade. If h has thrown his own people into the furnac to feed the fires of his war, is it supposed tha he will spare the peoples he has conquere and whose vengeance he fears?

FAMINE: THE TRUTH

Europe this winter, drawn y Goebbels, is being used rld. Our only possible exp!ained

GARDINER

NO, LET US BE CLEAR ON THIS POINT: FAMINE WILL BE THE LOT OF EUROPE UNTIL THE CURSE OF HITLER IS LIFTED FROM IT.

There is another point on which we must be clear. Even with the blockade there is no need for famine in Europe, on one condition. That is, that the available resources are fairly distributed.

Leanness there must be. You cannot wreck a continent as Hitler has wrecked Europe without infinite havoc and suffering.

Whole countries have been thrown into chaos. Vast stores have been destroyed. Harvests have been trampled on. Millions of men have been withdrawn from the labour of the fields. Transport has been dislocated. The war has diminished overseas imports.

BUT FAMINE IS NOT INEVITABLE. THE EXPERTS OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE FOLLOWING CONCLUSION:

> **"If the 1940 crops and stocks already on hand (in the Continent of Europe) were to be properly distributed there would be no abnormal shortage of food, and certainly no widespread starvation."**

The detailed calculations of our British agricultural experts confirm this estimate. There should be no serious privation, they say, provided that the German Government organises supplies equally, frees a certain amount of transport for distribution and refrains from exploiting occupied territories to increase German rations.

The last condition is, of course, a hopeless aspiration.

These are the circumstances in which Hitler has set his vast propaganda machine to work to transfer to our shoulders the responsibility for the famine which he has decreed.

He hopes by this impudent trick to appeal to the philanthropy of the American people. He hopes to stem the tide of sympathy with the Allied cause which is dominant in the United States and will become more pronounced when the Presidential election, which has served his purpose so well, is over.

It is an astute move, and Mr. Hoover and his fellow-isolationists are nibbling at the bait.

I do not think it will succeed. And for this reason. Every American in his senses knows that the British Navy is defending the liberties of the Americas as well as those of our own land. He is not, I think, such a simpleton as to imperil our victory by loading the dice in Hitler's favour.

BUT WHATEVER THE ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES MAY BE, OUR OWN COURSE IS CLEAR AND MUST BE PURSUED INFLEXIBLY.

We know from our bitter experience with Hitler's jackal the heavy price we pay for relaxing the blockade. We know from Hitler's own savageries towards his victims that no help extended to them will reach them. Just as he has stripped them of everything they possessed to feed his war machine, so everything that passes through our blockade for them would be seized for the same fell purpose.

AND, KNOWING THIS, WE MUST TURN THE SCREW OF THE BLOCKADE UPON HIM AS RELENTLESSLY AS HE IS ATTEMPTING TO TURN THE SCREW OF HIS BLOCKADE ON US.

It is a hard choice to make, but we cannot falter in making it. The fate of civilisation is in our hands, and no consideration must make us false to our trust. The world must know that Hitler's Famine can only be averted by Hitler's fall.

In that fall the unhappy nations which he has so brutally enslaved and pillaged will have their part to play. Their hour will come when the full significance of the failure of his lightning war on Britain is realised.

It will come when, supreme at sea (as we are) and supreme in the air (as we are rapidly becoming), our Army is set in motion to wipe this infamy from the face of Europe and the face of the earth.

In that hour the stricken nations that cower around Hitler will rise *en masse* and overwhelm him. And with him will go the boastful swashbuckler who has dragged Italy to its doom.

FOR THAT TIME OF DELIVERANCE WE MUST PREPARE SUCH A SCHEME OF RELIEF FOR HITLER'S VICTIMS AS WILL BANISH THE SPECTRE OF HITLER'S FAMINE FROM THEIR MIDST.

That scheme should be formulated now. And we may look confidently to America to help us in this humane and merciful task.

But Hitler must fall first.

And the first condition of his fall is that the blockade should be pressed home remorselessly.

At whatever cost to the innocent we must not feed the war machine that enslaves them and would enslave us.

HANNEN SWAFFER, probing a puzzle, exclaims

OH! REALLY, MR. COWARD!

IS Noel Coward Britain's secret weapon? They have all tried to make such a mystery of him that, even in the Commons, M.P.s probe the matter in vain.

The joke began some two years ago, when Noel Coward, as a member of the Royal Naval Film Corporation, toured the warships of the Mediterranean "to find out what sort of films the men in the Royal Navy preferred."

He reported, "They like good films, dramas or comedies, I found."

Any cinema man in Portsmouth could have told him that.

When war broke out, Coward, after having hurriedly visited Poland, Russia, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, rushed down to the Foreign Office.

"What's he going to do?" demanded the Press.

"Hush-hush," replied Officialdom.

Then Coward went to Paris, where, appearing for the troops, he sang, "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington."

NEXT, he was reported to be working in the Admiralty, "in the uniform of a naval officer, a personage of some consequence."

He left the Admiralty, it appeared, for a month later news came from Paris that he was doing war work in France, "attached to the French Information Department."

Then last March, when I went to Paris, I heard how Noel Coward, in uniform, had been seen going in and out of our Embassy, where newspapermen had heard "Hush—Hush" whispers about his activities.

A month after that, Coward, not in uniform, appeared with the Duke and Duchess of Kent at the gala opening of the film "For Freedom."

After all this strenuous work for the Allies, Noel Coward went to New York for three months.

"I have not had a free day since the war began," he told the American reporters. "I thought I should hate it, and expected to be miserable and depressed. But I like it. My life is different. It is totally changed."

THEN, back Noel came on the Clipper. In Lisbon he stopped to tell the Royal British Club, at a lunch, how important it was that British citizens in foreign countries should maintain their morale.

A month later, off he went again—this time, they said, "to lecture to Washington Congressmen on Britain's war effort."

Next, we read that his was "a secret mission," and then that Noel Coward had seen President Roosevelt, discussed with him problems of evacuating children to the United States, and suggested to the President that the U.S. could help Britain by cutting off food shipments to Europe!

"I shall be staying in the United States for three or four months as a good-will ambassador," he himself explained.

I do not wonder that questions were asked in the House of Commons.

"Mr. Coward is in the United States on a short visit, with the knowledge and approval of the Minister of Information," Harold Nicolson, of the Ministry, told the Commons.

"Has this gentleman any special qualifications that he should go as a kind of extra ambassador to the United States?" asked Emanuel Shinwell.

"Mr. Coward is not going as an ambassador," replied Nicolson. "His qualifications are that he possesses contacts with certain sections of opinion that are very difficult to reach through the ordinary channels."

Next, we read that Noel was off to Hollywood. I hope he wore his uniform.

HIS last words, before going West, were, "After the war I am going to an isolated corner of the world, not only to resume my writing, but to get my nerves unstrung."

Of course, all this bustle might well be camouflaging some serious job, but the publicity it is receiving does not give that impression.

If Mr. Coward is on the staff of the Ministry of Information, why can't Mr. Duff Cooper tell us clearly and sensibly what are his duties?

WEETABIX

spread with Marmalade saves your Butter to-day

No need to worry about the butter ration. You'll find that boys and girls will plump for Weetabix spread with marmalade, jam, honey or paste. Grown-ups, too. There are lots of ways of using Weetabix. Thousands of A.R.P. and other workers find Weetabix, spread with cheese, sardines, egg-and-tomato and other savouries, wonderfully sustaining. Many prefer it dry, others with hot or cold milk. Weetabix contains the vital health-giving elements of the whole wheat berry. Always ready. No cooking. No preparation. British made by British workers.

FREE. Send us your name and address for a generous sample.

Weetabix STANDARD SIZE 7½d. DOUBLE SIZE 1/1

of all Grocery Stores

WEETABIX LTD. (Dept. J.B.13), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants.

Mother's famous HOT POT—

and plenty of Rich Brown Gravy MADE WITH

SOLD BY ALL GOOD GROCERS

Langley.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 4

"As a Lancashire man said, '*We've got through to the Final*'. We are good at finals. But mark this: we go into training for finals. We harden ourselves, and we discipline our lives. Only by fostering every ounce of our national resources—in our kitchens just as much as in our manufactures—can we field a team that will be unbeatable."

LORD WOOLTON.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to Salt Runner Beans. While runner beans are plentiful, it is an excellent plan to put some down in salt for winter use.

Allow 1 lb. of salt to 3 lbs. of beans. Dry the salt and crush with rolling pin. Choose young, fresh beans. Wash, dry thoroughly and remove strings. If small, leave whole; otherwise break into two or three pieces. Put a layer of salt in a stoneware jar, then a layer of beans. Repeat, pressing beans down well. Finish with an ample layer of salt. Cover and leave for a few days when beans will have shrunk. Fill up with more beans and salt, cover tightly and store in a cool, dry place.

Before use, wash beans thoroughly in several waters, then soak in warm water for not more than 2 hours.

War-time Plum Jam. If you are making plum jam for eating during the next 3 or 4 months, try this economical recipe.

Grease your preserving pan with butter or margarine papers. Wash 6 lb. plums and cook very slowly with ½ pint of water until quite tender (about ¾ hour). Then add 4½ lbs. sugar and boil rapidly. It is a good plan to warm your sugar before adding. Test for setting point by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when pushed with the finger, the jam is ready. Pour into clean, hot jars.

Coffee for Breakfast. There are ample supplies of coffee in the country. Why not try it for breakfast? The rules for making it are simple.

Warm your earthenware jug and allow 2 heaped teaspoonsful of coffee for each cup. Be sure the kettle is boiling fast. Take the jug to the kettle and pour on the exact amount of water required. Stir, cover, allow to stand for 2 minutes, give another stir in a downward spiral to settle the grounds and leave for two more minutes before pouring into the cups. *Do you listen to the useful food hints on the wireless every morning at 8.15?*

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

He passed on his way, and once more Mr. Peck mopped his brow. "What a man!" he said

You Forget The Bad Bits

Mr. Thrush was insistent that it was only the good bits you looked back upon . . and it seems he was right!

By WILL SCOTT

MR. THRUSH draped himself heavily over the front gate.

"Going?" he said.

Mr. Peck nodded.

"Yes, we're going."

Mr. Thrush looked at his pipe, looked at the sky, looked far down the street, pulled his nose and blew out his huge moustache.

"I reckon," he said, "this town is as safe as any other."

"Oh, we're not *evacuating*," said Mr. Peck. "As a matter of fact——"

"As safe as *any* other," Mr. Thrush insisted. "*Anywhere*."

"I dare say," admitted Mr. Peck. "But, you see——"

"*And*," stressed Mr. Thrush, "healthier."

"I dare say," Mr. Peck repeated. "But——"

"So you're *not* evacuating?" Mr. Thrush peeped down the stem of his pipe at Mr. Peck's left eye over the end of the bowl.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Peck. "We're not *clearing* out. We're not going because of the war.

"We're going because almost everybody we ever knew here has gone already for one reason or another. We've no interests here now. Not really. It's so lonely since the war. Besides——"

"You'll be sorry," said Mr. Thrush.

"Besides——," said Mr. Peck.

"You don't think so now, possibly," said Mr. Thrush, "but you'll find out before long. You'll be very sorry."

"The fact of the matter is," Mr. Peck put in suddenly, "we never really liked the place."

Mr. Thrush eased up from the gate, blew out his huge moustache, pulled his nose, looked far down the street, looked at the sky and shot a sudden fierce glance at Mr. Peck.

"Never liked the place?" he said.

"No," said Mr. Peck.

"Never liked Nore Bay?" said Mr. Thrush.

"No," said Mr. Peck.

"Never *liked* it?"

"No."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Thrush.

"You see——," Mr. Peck attempted.

"You'll change your mind," declared Mr. Thrush. "Once you get away from here and can't get back you'll be sorry. *Very* sorry."

"The fact is——"

"*Why* don't you like it?" Mr. Thrush demanded.

"Well, it's a bit dull," said Mr. Peck.

"Dull!" exclaimed Mr. Thrush. "Nore Bay dull? *Dull?* God bless my soul!"

"Well, of course, the young people——"

"This is the livest town of its size on the coast," Mr. Thrush asserted. "It's got more amusements than any similar town. It's got a larger promenade. It's got the finest air in the world."

"Well, I mean——"

"Dull!" Mr. Thrush snorted. "You'll change your mind. You wait and see. Wait till you're miles away."

Mr. Thrush looked at his pipe, stuck it in his mouth and stamped away.

"Dull!" he exclaimed as he went.

Mr. Peck mopped his brow and made his way indoors.

* * *

TWO days later the Pecks were on the beach, clearing out their beach hut in readiness for their departure. Along the pebbles came Mr. Thrush.

"Getting ready?" he said.

"Yes," replied Mr. Peck. "Two days more and we'll be gone."

Mr. Thrush addressed himself directly to Mrs. Peck.

"I understand, madam," he said gravely, "that you and yours find Nore Bay *dull?*"

"Well, it isn't exactly——," began Mrs. Peck.

But Mr. Thrush held up his hand.

"In what *way*, madam," said he, "do you and yours find the place dull?"

"Well, I mean, there's nothing to *do*," said Mrs. Peck.

"Good gracious! madam," protested Mr. Thrush. "There's the carnival and the regatta and the steamer and the bands and the concert party. In peace time at any rate. There's nothing anywhere in war time."

BUT Mrs. Peck pursed her lips.

"The carnival isn't every week and the concert party isn't every minute. And there's never anybody here before June or after September. And the shops are so expensive and the winters are so long and cold. I could think——"

"Winters are cold anywhere, madam," said Mr. Thrush.

"I could think——"

"You could find, if you tried, reasons for disliking *any* place," said Mr. Thrush.

"I could think——"

"But you can take my word for it, madam, you won't find a *happier* place than Nore Bay anywhere on this earth," said Mr. Thrush.

"I could think of a thousand reasons," Mrs. Peck succeeded in saying at last, "why we shall be glad to see the last of this town. Little things, maybe, but they all add up."

Mr. Thrush took a deep breath.

"Are you by any chance, madam," he said, "a philosopher?"

Mrs. Peck, who had used the word a thousand times, wasn't quite sure, now it had come to it, what a philosopher was.

"Well . . ." she said.

"We all discover, as we go through life," said Mr. Thrush grandly, "that, as we look back, the shady side disappears and the sunny side remains. It is a peculiarity of human nature that we forget the bad bits."

"If you mean——," said Mr. Peck.

"The day you took your youngest to the Punch and Judy show and she contracted the measles, for example," went on Mr. Thrush. "Now, after all these years, looking back, the Punch and Judy show and the sunshine remain in your memory. The measles are forgotten."

"She never took the measles at——."

"AN illustration only, madam," said Mr. Thrush with a flourish. "Five years ago you may have gone to a grand benefit on the pier. You still talk about the songs and the singers and what a jolly night it was. You no longer recall the fact that you stood an hour in a queue and sat all night behind a tall woman in a large hat."

"We never——"

"You could think, you say, of a thousand reasons why you will be glad to see the last of Nore Bay," Mr. Thrush swept along. "And I say, madam, that inside a twelvemonth those reasons will have vanished. You will retain happy memories of the sunshine and the sands and the white sails against the blue sky. The day will come when you will *love* the old place for the memories it will conjure up. Yes, madam, and I select the word with care.

"You will come to *love* Nore Bay."

Mrs. Peck sighed.

"A truth which is sometimes overlooked," said Mr. Thrush; "but we always forget the bad bits. You will remember what I say."

As he passed on his way once more, Mr. Peck mopped his brow.

"What a man!" he said.

* * *

The Pecks went to Bargate Wells and the war dragged on. The winter passed and the Spring followed. The war woke up, and a lot of other people went to Bargate Wells. . .

One of them was Percy Small.

Dorothy, the younger Peck girl, met him at a concert for the troops, and a fortnight later he came for the first time to supper.

Everybody was suitably stiff and talked weather and how long the war was likely to last; and the Pecks were wishing he would go and he was wishing he *could* go, when somehow, for no reason at all, Nore Bay got itself mentioned.

"You've been there?" said Percy.

"We *lived* there," replied Mr. Peck, "for seven years."

"Really?" said Percy. "I was there for a month two summers before the war. I had a wonderful time."

"The air at Nore Bay," said Mr. Peck in the tones of a circular, "is the finest in the world."

"I should say so," agreed Percy.

"We lived," added Mr. Peck, "at the best end of the town. The West Cliff. The Maples, a tall house near the end of the promenade."

"I know it!" cried Percy.

"A very comfortable house," said Mrs. Peck, "and much nicer than *this*."

"Passed it many a time," said Percy.

SO one thing led to another, and the girls got out their albums, and they and Percy and Mr. and Mrs. Peck talked of the good old days they had had, though not together, in dear old Nore Bay before the war.

"The concert party on the pier!" said Percy.

"And benefit nights!" said the girls.

"The military bands," said Mr. Peck, as if he'd turned the circular over, "were the best you'd hear anywhere, although it is such a small town."

"Were you there for the carnival?" asked the girls.

"Rather!" said Percy. "And the regatta."

"Such good *fun*, I always thought," said Mrs. Peck.

"And, of course, the bathing's second to none," said Percy.

"We had a beach hut," said Mr. Peck proudly, sticking an advertisement into the circular.

"My word!" exclaimed Percy. "I always fancied one of those, but, of course, I was only there for a month."

"I wish the war was over and we could go back," said Dorothy.

On they went. Sunshine and sands and white sails against the blue sky. Until Percy said:

"Did you know a really impossible man who lived there? Butted in on everybody's business and wouldn't let you get a word in edgeways. Name of Bush, or something."

"Oh, Thrush," said Mr. Peck. "Why, yes. I'd forgotten all about him."

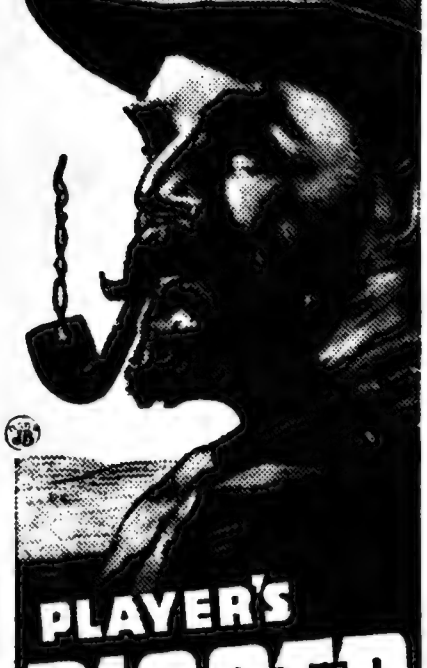
"So had I," said Mrs. Peck. "Funny how you can forget people you've known for years, isn't it? Now, on the *next* page of the album . . ."

JOHN BULL'S TEN-MINUTE STORY

A fine *full bodied* 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick," yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

1/3 (D) ½ FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW or PLUG AN OZ.



PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

P.D.83

I GET MY WASHING FINISHED 1½ HOURS EARLIER!
MY WASHING TAKES ONLY A QUARTER OF THE GAS IT USED TO!
MY CLOTHES ARE LASTING FAR LONGER!
I DON'T DO ANY HARD RUBBING YET MY WHITES COME SNOWY!

Four Women who have found

THERE'S NO NEED TO BOIL CLOTHES

IT'S TRUE! You can do your whole wash without any boiling and without any hard rubbing—if you use Rinso.

You simply soak ordinarily dirty whites in warm Rinso suds for 15 minutes and the extra-dirty whites for 20 minutes afterwards, in the same suds. No boiling! No hard rubbing! Yet they'll be snowy!

And you'll find—

Clothes last one-third longer when washed this Rinso way. Tests prove shirts last 4 months more, household linens 6 to 8 months more.

You save more than half your coal, or three-quarters of your gas.

An average wash (50 pieces) can be finished 1½ hours earlier.

You're not tired after washing because there's no hard work, none of the mess and steam and slaving of the old way.

The whole wash is safe in Rinso. It contains no harsh chemical or bleach. It brings coloureds up clear and bright. It keeps silks and woollies lovely. And you need no bar soap, flakes or any other washing product—a further economy. 3½d., 6d. or 1/- (Giant size).

War-Time Advice FREE

The makers of Rinso have set up an Advice Department to help women to economise during the war. All the experience of the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories is at your service. Write to The Director, Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Cheshire.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R 2984-172 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

Lovelier on closer acquaintance

If your powder is making your skin look coarse and your face look hard—it isn't *Snowfire* Powder! Fragrant, silky Snowfire Powder brings out natural skin clearness instead of filming it over. Its skin-matched shades are *tearmer* shades that accent youthful radiance. And because of a secret ingredient, it clings closely—keeps you quite free from ugly 'shine' in hot rooms, strong winds, even when its raining. The six bewitching Snowfire shades are—Naturelle, Peach, Golden Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Suntan.

Snowfire Powder

3D 6D

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and, being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle today. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

BANISH THAT HEADACHE

Summer for 2D

THERE'S nothing so tormenting as the endless throb . . . throb . . . throb of a thumping headache. But there's nothing so thrilling as feeling the pain vanish—for 2d. And it DOES if you take *Beechams Powders*—the unique remedy every sufferer praises. Because of their special powder form *Beechams Powders* are both QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN to bring relief! *Beechams Powders* also relieve RHEUMATISM, HAY FEVER, Summer COLDS and CHILLS, NEURALGIA.

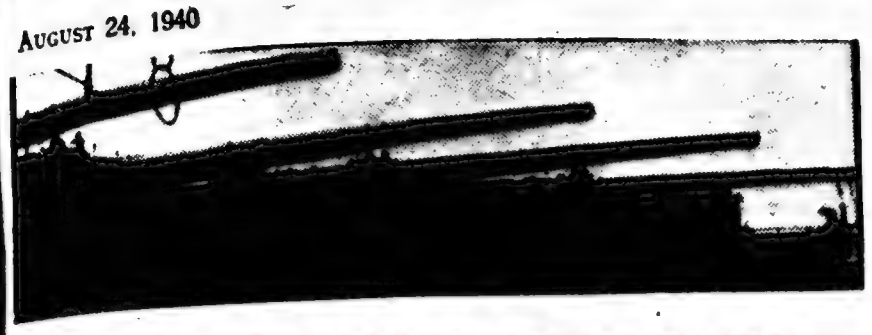
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/2. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

ACT LIKE MAGIC

BEECHAMS POWDERS

The best remedy for 'dirty' heads

Mother — or 'foster-mother', now that you have charge of evacuees—it isn't carelessness on *your* part that gets a child a 'dirty' head. The very *cleanest* child gets infected with dangerous disease-carrying pests, *all so easily*. Wise mothers take *this* precaution—they keep a tablet of Derbac Soap (4d. & 1/-) in the house. It's perfect for weekly shampoos. And doctors recognise Derbac as the simple, *certain* home disinfestant for 'dirty' heads. So mothers, write to Pure Products Ltd., Colwick, Nr. Nottingham, for free, informative booklet, 'Hair Hygiene'—be forewarned!



"JOHN BULL" MEETS INVASION THREAT

by extending free insurance to include

Air Raids, Bombardment and Invasion

OUR readers will remember how in October last—when the Government itself was hesitant about shouldering war insurance risks—JOHN BULL made newspaper history by its announcement of a Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, for every reader.

This momentous step, gigantic in its enterprise and entirely unparalleled, brought instant relief to the minds of hundreds of thousands of families.

Here at last was something for which the whole country cried out; a sense of protection against the new menace with which they were so suddenly confronted.

"We shall feel perfectly safe now, although we cannot afford a big premium," wrote A. B., of Southend.

"You are doing *more* than your bit towards easing the strain and worry of these troublous times," wrote Mr. T. D., of Little Heath, Coventry.

* * *

And G. W., of Runcorn, wrote:

"The very fact that you have the courage to offer a free air-raid insurance policy to all readers is sufficient to give new confidence. It is a national inspiration, a spirited enterprise that will doubtless aid our national efforts to defeat the enemy."

At that period there was a lull, but everyone felt that the time would come when the significance of this unsurpassed Wartime Security would be appreciated to the full.

The time has since come, and cheques are being despatched every week to the dependants of those who have fallen victims to air war over England.

Letters are reaching us daily which tell their own story.

* * *

Wrote the provost of a Scottish town, acknowledging the £100 received by the widow of a reader:

"The late W. S. —— was over thirty years a reader of JOHN BULL, and this goes to prove that he felt assured your free insurance would be promptly paid should anything occur."

Pouring out his gratitude, a West Country reader wrote: "I deeply appreciate that I was not even troubled with an interview. Yesterday, not having seen anything of your expected representative, I wrote asking you to confirm receipt of my claim.

"I didn't expect to receive such definite confirmation as an immediate cheque for £100."

Against Goering's bombers and fighters British citizens are showing the full courage that was expected of them.

Now, to-day, they are faced with added and graver perils—the perils of bombardment and invasion. Our own homes may be at any moment in the forefront of the battle.

EVER MINDFUL OF ITS READERS' WELFARE, JOHN BULL, WITH THE SAME CHARACTERISTIC FORETHOUGHT AND ENTERPRISE WITH WHICH IT ORIGINALLY LAUNCHED ITS AIR RAID INSURANCE, NOW ANNOUNCES YET ANOTHER VITAL AND HISTORIC STEP.

THE SCOPE OF OUR FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE HAS BEEN EXTENDED TO COVER TOTAL WAR INCLUDING BOMBARDMENT AND INVASION.

* * *

That is to say, the benefits hitherto payable in respect of death or injury as defined, resulting from enemy air attack, are now applicable to every other conceivable form of attack, whether by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, bullets, or any other form of missile, collapse of buildings, poisoning or blindness resulting from gas or any liquid released by the enemy.

Whether injury results from enemy action or through action of Allied or Defence Forces in meeting enemy attack makes no difference.

Nor is this all! This epoch-making offer is in addition to JOHN BULL'S comprehensive household benefits.

There, then, is JOHN BULL'S new gesture to the country.

Think of it! A policy of this nature could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium.

JOHN BULL offers it to you absolutely free.

Never since the days of the Napoleonic wars has this country stood in graver danger of fighting in the streets, in the fields and on the beaches, and never in the whole history of British journalism has such a gigantic step been taken as that which JOHN BULL this week announces.

* * *

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended war time insurance.

You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay.

Owing to lack of space due to the strict control of paper, it has not been found possible recently to publish the necessary Registration Forms.

These may be taken from issues of JOHN BULL prior to May of this year, or if you will put a postcard in the post to-day, addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

HUMANIST, discussing "temperament," tells how all types of people can get the best from life

She's happy because she is a realist who takes life as she finds it

Why She is Happy

MY big problem this week comes from the proprietor of a small restaurant. It concerns differences of temperament.

"I employ two waitresses who are cousins," he says. "They work equal hours for equal pay. Both are healthy and good-looking. Yet one is always serene, cheerful, and eager to oblige; the other sour and grumpy, and customers avoid her tables.

"They are both married.

"The sour-faced girl's husband does everything a man can do to make her happy. The other girl's husband is far from being an ideal. And as I watch them at work I try to account for the difference.

"My wife thinks their parents are responsible for the difference.

"You often see happy people who have plenty of reasons for being miserable, miserable people who have every reason to be happy.

"If you can throw any light on the subject I should be glad."

A person's disposition depends on so many factors that it is difficult to analyse temperament without the fullest knowledge of the facts.

There may be physical reasons due to the ductless glands—the thyroid, the pineal or the pituitary. A surgeon might be able to change a patient's whole temperament by operation.

On the other hand, temperament may be changed by influence in the days before school.

The disagreeable waitress may have secret dreams of her own importance. She may regard herself as a princess compelled to drudge for a living. She probably wants to be grand, but life does not permit her to realise her ambitions.

She is still clinging to fairy-tale ideals, refusing to grow up. Her husband, a decent man, is not the Prince Charming she wanted. So she is always glum and discontented.

The other girl is a realist.

SHE takes life as it is, and makes the best of it. Her husband is not ideal, but he might be worse. She herself might be worse. She might be ugly, for instance.

So she makes the most of what she has, and finds that the world is not such a bad place.

Another problem of a similar kind comes from a young man who seems to be two persons at once.

"I do not crave for dances, parties, and all the usual things that appeal to men of my age," he writes. "I am indifferent to the charms of women.

"Although I have countless friends, I love only my own company.

"Yet when I am in company, I am full of life, witty, easy-come-easy-go.

"I try to remain reserved, yet I fail more often than I succeed.

"I prefer to remain alone and untroubled by the multitude of voices and unsound opinions. Yet should I be forced into company, I laugh all the time.

"I can't help being ridiculous when the opportunity occurs.

"There must be some way of linking up the two extremes of my nature."

I AM not sure that this young man ought to try to alter his nature. He must find life quite interesting.

A world-famous psychologist divides people into two classes: the extravert and the introvert.

The former is full of energy, talks freely, laughs heartily, makes innumerable friends, and enjoys being in the limelight.

The latter is retiring, thoughtful, and shrinks from company. He is interested in religion and philosophy.

Although the extravert is apt to be a flirt, there are more divorces among introverts. They are more inclined to brood over wrongs.

I mention these theories because the letter-writer appears to run from one extreme to the other. The ideal would be a balanced personality, blending the tendencies in proportion.

To avoid becoming wholly extravert, I suggest that a definite part of every day should be devoted to quiet reading and thinking without interruption. But after that he should let himself go with his friends.

The man who is always noisy and hearty can be a terrible bore. So can the man who is too silent. The finest type should be able to adjust himself.

WHEN vigorous personalities marry, there may be stormy scenes that are soon finished. When two reserved people marry there may be occasional sulks.

Yet the classes should be able to get along with the minimum of friction. One stimulates to action, the other has a restraining influence. Such a partnership generally works well.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

There isn't much opportunity for these ever vigilant men to take it easy. But when they do get time for a smoke they make certain that their tobacco will give every satisfaction. No wonder they insist on the Fresh Fragrance of Bondman. You try it too!

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

THIS TIN IS VALUABLE
When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to the tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

IN 1 oz. VACUUM TINS
RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz
EMPIRE BLEND - - 1/5½ per oz

Richard Lloyd & Sons (branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

Her teeth are "white lies"

Every smile tells a white lie. Oh yes, her teeth *are* a pleasure to look at. But you can't see *behind* them — where unpleasant tartar has accumulated. If only she knew the facts about Solidox!

Fact number one: Ordinary cleaning is useless for preventing tartar, and *can't* get rid of it once it has taken hold.

Fact number two: Tartar forces the gums away from the teeth and so encourages all kinds of dental troubles.

Fact number three: Solidox prevents tartar and removes it. Solidox is the only toothpaste which contains Ricinosulphate, the anti-tartar ingredient. That is why it keeps teeth absolutely *clean* and white. And, remember, nowadays it is a part of National Service to prevent ailments and keep yourself fit for any emergency.

The dentist's mirror tells the truth..

Tartar!

.. the cause of dental trouble

Covered by British Patent No. 259942

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

SOL 26-783-55

Skin Troubles?

These SUFFERED LIKE YOU!

—BUT NOT NOW!

"LION rid me of those torturing **BOILS**," writes Mr. G. B. "Acts like magic with **SEPTIC WOUNDS**"—(Miss M. E. D.). "After 3 years of **ECZEMA** I am a new woman."—(Mrs. A. B.). "I suffered agony with **BOILS, ABSCESSES, WHITLOWS**, and it was not until I tried LION that I found relief."—(Mr. T. A. W.). "Hats off to LION."—(Mrs. E. W.).

These are from thousands of grateful letters from sufferers who have found quick relief through **Burgess' LION OINTMENT**. They are YOUR PROOF that LION will heal your trouble—quickly, safely, in the natural way. Try one Box to-day, and see for yourself. At any Chemist, 1/3, 3/- or 5/- for a very large Box.

BRITAIN'S FIRST-AID famous for 90 years

BOILS, CARBUNCLES, SEPTIC WOUNDS, ULCERS, ECZEMA, INFLAMED CORNS, BLISTERED FEET, IMPETIGO and even BAD LEGS.

1/3

BURGESS LION OINTMENT

You too can have husky NEW STRENGTH & NEW FOUND ENERGY

Make this Test

Thousands of Weak, Rundown, Depressed Men and Women say "VIKELP" brought these Results where all else failed!

. . . it will do the same for YOU!

To-day you, too, can learn the secret. The secret of replacing lost Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine into your system. The secret of re-fuelling your body with those life-giving elements — **Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur** — 5 other Minerals, **Food Iodine**, and **Vitamin B.**

An amazing, newly discovered sea plant was found to contain these precious substances in natural form. Now it is concentrated and comes to you as Vikelp—the food tonic. Start to re-fuel your body with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Replace those lost Minerals and Vitamins as you begin to feel low, jaded, depressed and listless. Note the unmistakable results. You build up—become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. New energy, new strength surges through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

FREE.

Send to-day for free 50-page book "How to Gain New Energy and Strength." Address your envelope (id. stamp) to HEALTH PRODUCTS LABORATORIES LTD., Dept. J.B.7, 128-132 BAKER STREET, W.1.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

STOP heading for a NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN

MODERN SCIENTIFIC FORMULA "ACTS LIKE MAGIC." CAN BE TRIED FREE!

Stop worrying! These magic tablets banish mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain, make you **brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days!**

"SHADPHOS" Brand Tonic Tablets invigorate and nourish your nerves as nothing else can—yet are guaranteed harmless. They drive away **Brain Fag, Depression, Debility, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Nervous Breakdown, Lost Vitality, Ragged Nerves, etc.** They literally make work a pleasure, revive your interest in life! Prices: 1/-, 1/6, 3/3 and 6/-, either by post or from your nearest chemist.

—FREE TRIAL OFFER (by Post only)—

For a limited period only we will send readers of this paper who have not tried this remedy TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement, asking for "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets, No. 470.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.471), 40, King William St., London, E.C.4.

IS YOUR STOMACH A WAR VICTIM?

Before the war you never knew what it was to have indigestion. Now you get burning pain and distressing wind after every meal. That's because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Voice of the People

BANKS WON'T HELP THE FARMERS

★

LUXURIES FOR EVACUEES

SO the Government realises at last that one of the biggest disadvantages farming suffers under is the farmer's inability to borrow "cheap" money as his father did.

It has authorised county war agricultural committees to make loans at 5 per cent. if adequate security is given.

But the banks will already lend to agriculture on those terms. Therefore this concession amounts to just—nothing.—S. P., Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Old-time family banks lent to farmers at 3 and even 2 per cent.—were satisfied to know the farmer was an honest, industrious man who would regard repayment as first charge on the crop.

FOR four or five weeks, while harvest is in progress, ploughs, harrows, cultivators and other unwanted farm implements will be left in the corners of fields where they were last used.

If, instead, they were deposited in the centre, they would provide without cost an effective obstacle to any attempted landing by hostile aircraft.

The farmers only need telling, but nobody seems to be responsible for passing on such a request.—F. P., Wolseley Street, Reading.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The SWEAT peas were sold . . ."

EASTERN DAILY PRESS:—"COMBS were dropped near the coast."

BLACKBURN TIMES:—"She was detained until the PREVIOUS day."

WOMAN'S FRIEND:—"You should all make a little HERD garden if possible."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"What I have long dreamt of is at last an accomplished FACE."

EVENING STAR:—"The fires which broke out in these PANTS were brought under control."

KENTISH INDEPENDENT:—". . . and found her sitting back on a HAIR resting her right leg on the bed."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"Court ordered that he should be SUSPECTED from practising for five years."

THE STAR:—"American buyers are selecting tailor-made costumes to be BORN throughout the United States."

STAFFORDSHIRE WEEKLY SENTINEL:—"The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in white STAIN."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"We want the Home Guard to be a fine corps, a permanent part of our national LIE."

THE TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"Two bombers and seven fighters were destroyed during Saturday's air battles round our BOASTS."

THE NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Two naval officers have been decorated for the part they PLACED in the destruction of the Italian cruiser ——."

WE are two Americans who have joined the Canadian Army—and proud of it.

A visit to our U.S. Consulate-General confirms our fears that we have lost American citizenship by taking the oath of allegiance to King George—and that we risk 1,000-dollar fines and three years' imprisonment as well.

We're not sorry we joined up in your fight against Hitler. We think any sacrifice is worth while as long as that mad dog is finished off. But it's not nice to be without a country.

Now, what about it, England? Will you adopt us? We can't afford the ten guineas fee required to file an application for naturalisation—but can't you overlook it?—Gunner —— and Private ——, Beaver Club, London.

Britain would be proud to have you. But, make no mistake, America is proud of you, too. These penalties will be forgotten when the war is ended. Your country—like ours—doesn't punish men for having guts.

Serving with these Canadian troops are many Americans who—in theory—risk three years' imprisonment when they return home. But they don't mind that!

PROVINCIAL folk do their best for the evacuated youngsters committed to our charge, but people who take care to avoid putting up evacuees make our task difficult.

Perhaps to salve their consciences, they stop children in the streets, load them with pennies, stuff them with a surfeit of ices, chocolates, buns, cakes, make expensive visits to the chemist sometimes imperative, and undermine home discipline.—L. R., Devon.

EVERY week a hundred and twenty mill girls in this district give up a visit to the cinema and lend a shilling each to their country, thus "Saving for Victory" £6 weekly.

It is an ironic fact that Government stores in a disused portion of their mill are looked after by a foreman who, besides his mill pay, receives from the Government an additional £6 a week.

Comment is unnecessary.—K. R. R. C., Manchester.

WHY should soldiers' wives have to go to a doctor and get a form filled up—usually at a cost of a shilling—before they can get their allowances?

After all, the paymaster peruses marriage lines and everybody has an identity card nowadays—surely as good a means of establishing identity as any form filled up by a local doctor.—Alys Butler, 27, Agincourt Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

CHANGING my address, I went with my wife to have our identity cards altered.

A girl in front of us had lost her card altogether. An official merely asked: "Are you sure you have searched well for it?" and having received an affirmative reply, issued a new card at once.

This is a naval area. It would be a most attractive hunting-ground for any spy. Surely these cards should not be issued so lightly.—H. T. R., Somewhere in Britain.

We are informed that this represents "local laxity." There should be no local laxity. Especially in such important areas.

NOW that R.A.F. pilots have proved (if proof was needed) how they can handle Goering's Luftwaffe, I suggest that the time has come for the "Defence" mentality to give way to "Attack."

If Mr. Churchill appointed himself Minister of Attack (he is now Minister of Defence), he would be assured of tremendous support.

We know we can lick Hitler—why not make it official? As the comedian put it—It would make 'em think.

And they wouldn't like what they thought.—V. M., London, N.W.11.

SCORES of people have come to see my tiny gardens, front and back, filled with tomatoes, lettuce, cabbages, carrots, beet, brussels, kale, onions, peas, vegetable marrows—and a grape vine.

And I am somewhat proud of myself in consequence—for I am disabled in both hands.—A. S. Wheatley, 41, Church Lane, East Finchley, N.2.

NOVEL gifts have been made to provide aluminium for Spitfires. Can you beat this one? An ex-sergeant of the Royal Lancs Regiment has sent to the receiving office a set of solid aluminium false teeth presented to him while a prisoner in Germany during the last war.

A gift with a bite in it!—P. Gatley, Leigh, Lancs.

HOW much money is being hoarded in the ten million homes of this country "in case of compulsory evacuation"?

And what are the effects likely to be?—Mrs. D. E. Trigg, 3, Strathhearn Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Less money for National Savings: more money immobilised: an increase in note issue—a factor which tends to inflation. So don't hoard money. Have faith in your defence forces.

OUR nurses have not time to grow flowers for wounded soldiers. But you can help to brighten sick wards.

I called on my neighbours, asked whether they would spare a bunch a week each for the wounded. They said they would—and did.

Our little flower circle is making life in war hospital happier. Start one yourself, and see.—Mrs. Costerton, Sussex Road, Carshalton Beeches.

WAR'S STRANGEST MEETINGS

★

BRIGHTEN THE HOSPITALS

AS a worker in the waste-paper trade, I see many quaint old documents in the material that is going to the mills for repulping. Some are of yellowed parchment.

What steps are taken to ensure that valuable historical documents are not being lost through over-zeal in what is undoubtedly a great national duty?—S. E. Graves, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.

Solicitors and others offering accumulations likely to include valuable documents are having them vetted by experts who give their services free. There have been some valuable rescues.

TRURO Rural District Council officials have joined the Home Guard in a body.

Men in such positions must have an exceptional knowledge of key points needing protection and the general lay of the land. Their example, therefore, is surely one that should command a nation-wide following.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

CURIOUS how the Forties have always proved Britain's testing time.

Go far back into history and you will find it so.

The 1640's saw the Civil War. The 1740's the attempted Stuart rebellion. The 1840's—well, the Hungry Forties brought us near to bloody revolution. And now 1940.

But always we've emerged greater, finer.—A. E. C., Bolina Road, London, S.E.16.

JOURNEYING through the country I notice no enthusiasm on the part of the clergy to sacrifice church railings.

In some cases the railings round churchyard monuments would provide many times more metal than those that bound the entire church property.

The Church should get a move on.—L. S. Smith, Gresham Road, Brixton, S.W.

Long before the war, Central Council for the Care of Churches recommended the scrapping of such railings, urging that the fewer the railings the greater the public interest in picturesque church property—and less likelihood of neglect. Clergy are moving, but getting permission takes time.

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMOKERS' 'FUR'
IS IT RUINING YOUR TEETH?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is damaging and staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining your teeth to-day.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. 12,000 dentists urge smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' — the only toothpaste containing it — Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES. Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d. and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

AT A TOUCH

Once again comes amazing and convincing evidence of the quick healing magic of *Germolene*. Let Mrs. M. C. (Attworth) tell other sufferers how *Germolene* banished her terrible burning rash. These are her own words. She says: *"A severe rash broke out on my body and limbs. The itching and burning was terrible especially at night. I tried Germolene and the intense irritation ceased in five minutes. Now the rash has completely disappeared."*

ALSO HEALS
ECZEMA
ULCERS
INSECT BITES
SUNBURN
PIMPLES
BURNS
WOUNDS, etc.

GREAT HEALING OFFER

You can prove the amazing healing power of *Germolene* without risking a penny. Get a 1/3 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied, return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/. & 12/- Per Tin

Have You
Checked Your Weight Lately

HAVE you checked your weight recently? If you haven't, why not get weighed at your chemist's? If you find that you're putting on unwanted fat start reducing with Bile Beans.

Just a couple of Bile Beans nightly and that surplus fat gradually melts away, leaving slender, fashionable curves. With unwanted fat gone (Bile Beans often remove 10 lbs. a month) your energy, fitness and vitality will improve enormously.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and the safe approved way of healthy slimming. You can't do better than begin a course to-night.

I [illegible] when I heard that friends were commenting about my increasing weight. But in Bile Beans I found the very thing which surely and safely removed my surplus fat, and helped me to regain my girlish figure." Miss G. H., Barnet.

BILE BEANS
BRAND PILLS
The Sure Way To Health and Slenderness

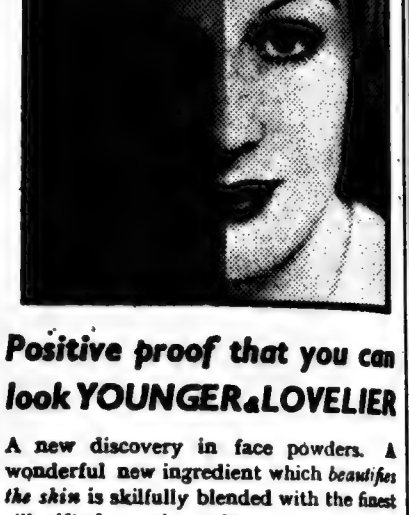
Why let the increased cost of tobacco worry you when you can still buy an ounce of Afrikander for 1/3½? Buy an ounce to-day! You'll find it gives you all the fragrance, coolness and all-round satisfaction you ever hoped a tobacco would give you . . . and an ounce still costs you only 1/3½.

1/3½ an oz.
MIXTURE
FLAKE
NAVY MILD
SHAG
HONEY DEW

AFRIKANDER

CIGARETTE SMOKERS SHOULD TRY AFRIKANDER CIGARETTES
Made from the finest 'Virginia' Tobacco grown within the Empire! **10** *for* **3d** **20** *for* **1/4**

Make this Face Powder Test
It amazed thousands of women



Positive proof that you can look YOUNGER & LOVELIER

A new discovery in face powders. A wonderful new ingredient which *beautifies the skin* is skilfully blended with the finest silk-sifted powder. Gives a new life and radiance to the skin. Makes a sallow, dull complexion glow with youthful, natural colour. And makes the powder *stay on* twice as long, even in wind and rain and in spite of perspiration. This ingredient is called "Mousse of Cream." It can be obtained only in the new Poudre Tokalon (patent process).

A Truly Sensational Offer

Powder one half of your face with Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" powder. Powder the other half with any ordinary face powder. If the "Mousse of Cream" side does not look *fresher, younger, lovelier* than the other, we will refund you in full the purchase price of your Poudre Tokalon.

Poudre Tokalon is made in twelve new glamorous shades—created by a famous Beauty Specialist, 6d. Triple size 1/-.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British nett-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

HE JUGGLED with TRAMS

With a fist like a telegraph-pole and an enormous frame that seemed made of steel, the great John L. Sullivan could fight for forty rounds. His feats are revived in this week's "Giants of the Ring" article——

By A. W. HELLIWELL

"I HEREBY challenge any and all the bluffers who have been trying to make capital at my expense to fight me either the last week in August or the first week in September at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, for a purse of 25,000 dollars and an outside bet of 10,000 dollars, the winner of the fight to take the entire purse.

"I give precedence in this challenge to Frank P. Slavin, of Australia, as he and his backers have done the greatest amount of blowing.

"My second preference is the bombastic sprinter, Charles Mitchell, of England, whom I would rather whip than any man in the world.

"My third preference is James Corbett of California, who has achieved his share of bombast.

"But in this challenge I include all fighters—first come, first served—who are white. I will not fight a negro. I never have, and I never will."

Characteristic of the truculent nature of the man was this extraordinary challenge broadcast by husky, hot-tempered John L. Sullivan, who from 1882 until 1892 reigned supreme as heavyweight champion of the world.

For ten years he strutted as cock of the pugilistic walk—a roaring, ranting bully of a champion—so eaten up with conceit that even at the veteran's age of thirty-four he was still firmly convinced that nowhere in the world was there a man who could stand against him.

He was this age when he issued his insolent challenge to his rivals!

Most men with so many triumphant years behind them and a comfortable fortune to spend would have been ready to quit the ring in honourable retirement.

But not the Boston Strong Boy; not this scowling, bullet-headed Samson who once, in sheer bravado, had heaved back on to the track with one mighty effort a tramcar that had become derailed.

One of the most powerful men ever to hold the title, Sullivan believed that the iron in his gigantic frame, the leaden, bone-crushing force in his terrible right fist, made him invincible.

He was still utterly sure of this when he strode grimly from his corner to meet handsome, soft-spoken "Gentleman" Jim Corbett, the San Francisco bank clerk he had so contemptuously challenged.

CORBETT, cultured and intelligent, was a great believer in psychological effect. He knew that Sullivan's bombast defeated many opponents before they had so much as felt the weight of his formidable right hand.

For a moment he, too, was assailed by doubts as he sat waiting for the bout to commence.

Then, shrewdly, he determined to turn the tables on the champion.

When the referee called them together Corbett listened with a light-hearted grin to his instructions.

"Shake hands and come out fighting," said the referee. Then, just as the champion was turning away, Corbett called out in a loud voice: "What do I do when I knock him down? Do I step back?"

The champion's big face flushed dark red.

"I really thought he was going to have a fit on the spot," said Corbett afterwards and, indeed, as Sullivan stood there, his mouth working in silent rage and his great hands twitching, it seemed that he was about to tear his challenger limb from limb.

When he stepped out from his corner to begin the fight, his left glove was already gently tapping his left thigh—a curious mannerism that always heralded one of his tremendous right-handers.

It was with this punch that Sullivan is said to have introduced the modern kayo punch to the point of the jaw.

But Corbett was too fast and slippery for the thirty-four-years-old champion to catch with that famous punch, and after twenty-one fierce rounds, having chopped and jabbed him to a standstill, the ex-bank clerk knocked him out.

Sullivan had won the championship when he defeated Paddy Ryan, the "Troy Terror," in a desperate mill on the banks of the Mississippi.

In this fight Sullivan established himself beyond argument as one of the heaviest and deadliest punchers of all time. Early on, he smashed Ryan's jaw in two places, and although the "Troy Terror" battled on with great courage he was no match for John L.

The end came in the ninth session when, with two stunning blows—one to the temple and another to the chin—he stretched Paddy bleeding and senseless.

Afterwards Ryan said he had never been hit so hard in his life. "It was as though ten men had crashed a telegraph pole into my face like a battering ram," he declared.

Another of Sullivan's famous fights was his bare-knuckle mill with Charlie Mitchell, the English heavyweight, on Baron Rothschild's estate at Chantilly in 1888.

There was no love lost between these two. Five years before the slimly built Englishman had enraged Sullivan by knocking the great man flat on his back in the first few seconds of a three-rounder at Madison Square Garden.

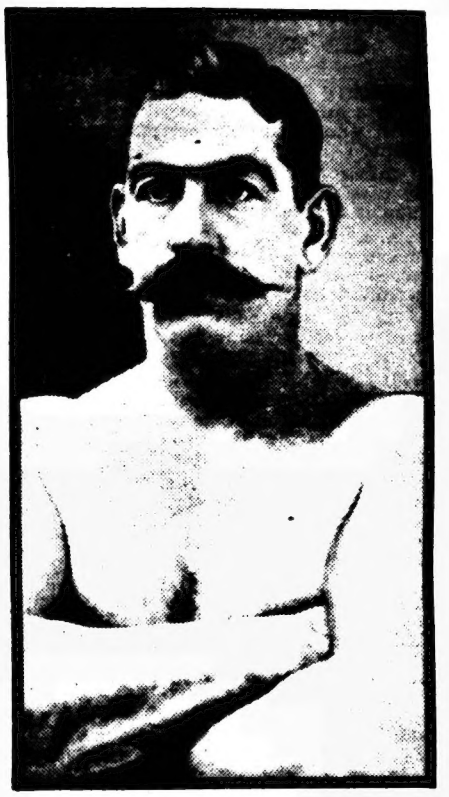
SULLIVAN picked himself up in a red fury. Never before had he suffered this indignity, and he tore into Mitchell with both ham-like fists swinging murderously.

In the second round he belted him right out of the ring, and although Mitchell gamely climbed back again to continue the fight, he was handicapped by a badly strained back and was a mere chopping-block for the champion.

Half way through the last round, after Sullivan had hurled him up against the ropes and fallen on him with all the dead weight of his enormous frame, poor Mitchell was dragged half senseless to his corner and the contest stopped.

Despite this rough handling he still believed that he could lick Sullivan. It was as a result of his challenge that the pair squared up on the muddy turf at Chantilly.

The champion had every physical advantage, but he did not have things all his own way, for the torrential downpour in which the battle was fought favoured the slighter and more elegantly built Englishman.



For ten years his head was swollen with conceit—but there was nothing wrong with those mighty hands that could move a tram

He skipped around on the slippery grass, making full use of his greater speed and agility to avoid Sullivan's angry rushes and flailing fists.

Each time the champion let go that terrible right-hander he was out of distance, while Mitchell, cool and at ease, drove swift counters to his ribs and head before he had time to recover.

More than once Sullivan, missing completely, went sprawling face down in the mud, and the mocking smile with which the Englishman stood watching him pick himself up did nothing to improve his already black temper.

But he stuck grimly to his task, and a little later sent Mitchell staggering with a terrible buffet that raised a lump like an egg on his forehead.

Seeing an opportunity of finishing off the elusive Britisher while he was groggy, Sullivan dashed in—only to be rocked back on his heels by a smart left full on the nose.

"Good one, Charlie," he shouted sportingly as he blinked the tears from his eyes.

Then they were at it again, hammer and tongs, churning up the mud beneath their stamping feet, sweating with the violence of their exertions in spite of the pelting rain and biting wind.

For thirty-nine rounds they fought, while the fortunes of war swayed first to Mitchell and then to Sullivan, until finally, by mutual consent, a draw was declared.

Sullivan toured this country in a number of exhibition bouts just before his fight with Mitchell, and he had the honour of being introduced to King Edward, then Prince of Wales.

He is said to have asked the Prince whether he was anything of a fighter. The Prince answered smilingly: "I never sparred very much myself, but I am a great believer in the manly art, and they tell me that my second son, George, the middy, is a regular slugger."

It was while Sullivan was over here that the phrase "Shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan" swept the country; whenever he appeared in public, great crowds struggled to get near enough to touch one of his huge paws.

How that Medal was Won

IT WAS A MAD IDEA

SERGEANT JAMES CORNWALL kept a sharp look-out through the observation slits of his tank.

He had good reason to be alert. For he was leading an advance guard preparing the way for a tank battalion lumbering along some miles in the rear.

And he could guess what would happen to that leading tank should he let it stumble into a trap through a moment's carelessness.

For some time now he had been running into increasingly large bodies of the enemy. Opposition was getting stiffer mile by mile.

But he knew that once he got across the bridge just ahead there was little the Germans could do in the way of organised resistance.

He rounded a knoll, preparing to sweep down on the bridge. Then came the shock of his life.

The bridge was very strongly defended by German troops. Directly the tank hove in sight, they let drive at it with everything they had.

The bridge was crowded with anti-tank mines, connected to each other by strips of metal.

Their threat was enhanced by a dozen anti-tank guns posted on the other side of the bridge.

Cornwall thought quickly.

He just had to get rid of those mines before he could hope to get across the bridge and smash the opposition on the other side

Disregarding the enemy fire, he potted at them one by one.

However, anti-tank mines are not much bigger than soup tureens. And he had to keep moving.

So it isn't surprising that the shells he fired destroyed only two of the mines.

Cornwall realised that it would not be long before the tank battalion would be forced to halt until the road was clear and thereby present an easy target for German dive-bombers and anti-tank guns.

He had an idea. A brilliant idea—a mad idea—an idea that won him the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Fixing a strong tow-rope to his tank, he speeded straight at the bridge.

* * *

The Germans were amazed.

They slackened fire, expecting him to be blown to pieces at any moment.

He jammed on his brakes a few yards from the first mine and jumped out.

While bullets whistled about his head, he tied his tow-rope to the connecting strips before reversing his engines and dragging the whole lot—gently and slowly—off the bridge like a bunch of grapes.

Of course, those mines should have exploded to smash Cornwall's tank into pulp.

But Sergeant James Cornwall had incredible luck that day—and soon his battalion was rumbling over the bridge to victory.

THE LAST LAUGH

PEGGY (Tring).—"He's a rich man and has everything he wants." And everything you want?

CLERK (Windsor).—"I am going to save my firm over £3 a week." You've been sacked?

A. L. (Salisbury).—"I'm going to marry my girl friend. I've already asked her mother." And she wouldn't have you?

S. C. (Stevenage).—"I have written many poems but will only have them published after my death." Long live S. C.

G. P. (Ledbury).—"Our dog bit the dustman the other day." Dogs will just have to get used to dustmen taking bones away.

D. B. (Retford).—"Some men get so carried away when playing bowls that they even cheat to win." We didn't think they stooped quite as low as that.

R. N. (Hull).—"Have we really the means of storing petrol safely in this country so that there is little danger of it catching fire?" Oh, yes, there are still plenty of automatic lighters knocking about.

A. V. (Ripon).—"What do you think she said when I told her I would go to the end of the world for her?" That she hoped you wouldn't come back?

F. N. (Sleaford).—"Hitler is said to have an organ installed at Berchtesgaden." But few people have been privileged to see him coming up on the lift playing his signature tune.

W. S. (Hove).—"Goering said in an interview that most of his air invaders of June and July were only conducting reconnaissances, but they would find nothing out at night, would they?" How about the lights?

A. N. (Fareham).—"Already my poetry is being read by twice as many people as previously." You've married lately?

J. M. (Portland).—"Many City stenographers have volunteered for work in the danger zone." Girls of the right type, evidently.

F. S. V. (Stockwell).—"If all the railways were electrified, the public would miss the old steam trains." They do now.

E. N. (Royston).—"The puppy I bought last week knows as much as I do." Never mind, he'll probably have more intelligence when he's older.

P. R. (Blyth).—"It is a fact, isn't it, that half the world doesn't know how the other half lives?" That doesn't apply to the place we live in, anyway.

B. W. (Perth).—"My landlord has told me that next Saturday is the last day he will call for my rent." So your perseverance has been rewarded at last.

L. R. (Liverpool).—"Why do I have difficulty in buying a good feed of fish and chips in the way I used to before the war?" Because there is a newspaper shortage.

T. H. (Devonport).—"Will the war bring about a revival of the romantic songs of yesteryear?" If it does there won't be much romance for Maud in a garden full of vegetables.

Mrs. G. D. (Brighton).—"I read the other day that men become bald much more than women because of the intense activity of their brains." And it would seem that women do not grow beards because of the intense activity of their chins!

D. N. (Hampstead).—"I know of one famous bridge player who is now working on a farm." It must seem strange having to lead a horse.

F. M. (Croydon).—"I'm told that the new German bomber is not popular with Nazi airmen." It seems to go down well when it comes over here.

R. L. (Downham).—"A mouse which was marked and released at Liverpool ten months ago has been found in the U.S." Exit permits are harder to obtain now.

T. F. (Groombridge).—"I've planted a tremendous number of potatoes, but who's going to dig them up?" You'd better, because you know where to find them.

G. M. (Leeds).—"I'll bet you can't guess what passed between me and the wife in an argument we had during tea yesterday?" Two saucers and the teapot?

T. B. J. (Cookham).—"Many women wear trousers." We heard of a husband who woke up in the night and saw his wife absent-mindedly going through her own pockets.

Miss B. (Kew).—"When I told the medical student who was trying to flirt with me that he was merely giving me a headache, what do you think he did?" Offered you an aspirin?

S. K. (Taunton).—"My son's school report is very bad. Among other things it says that, in spite of punishment, he persists in letting off Chinese crackers. What shall I be hearing next?" Further reports, we should imagine.

(Side-Slips : See page 19)

OLD BILL - By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Talk about swank! Just because his was the only house hit by the bomb, yer can't hardly speak to 'im"

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£100 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" No. 1232.
L. T. LAW, 263, High Road, Willesden Green, N.W.
Example: BEHIND THE BARRICADES.
Bullet: TILL DEMOCRACY'S "ROAD" REOPENED.

Second Prize, £20: A. Simpson, 53, Donald Road, Ross Walk, Leicester. Light Of Liberty—No More Lightship, Adolf!
Third Prize, £10: A. H. Pilcher, 10, Carpenters Lane, Hadlow, Tonbridge. Slow After Slow—Driving Our Flagstaff Deeper.

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: E. Bruce, 23, Field Terrace, Jarrow-on-Tyne (G.S.). Behind The Barricades—Together—Neighbours' "Fences" Down. **95s.:** J. Dennis, 4, Lyndhurst Street, C.-on-M., Manchester. Wifey's On Munitions, So—I "Clear Her Joint"! **90s.:** Mrs. W. Bell, Blackgate, Boxhoe, Co. Durham. Light Of Liberty—Vanishing. Gives World "Message." **85s.:** Miss E. Short, 37, Varndean Gardens, Brighton. Absurd—Hash Of "Hush-hush." **80s.:** E. R. Hurst, 76, Park Street, Southport. Won't Stop—Hitler's "Game," Shooting "Foul!" **75s.:** Miss M. Bailey, 30, Birch Terrace, Mr. Baxenden, Accrington (G.S.). Land Of Our Fathers—Unassaulted—Hun Has Halted. **70s.:** Mrs. I. Duxbury, 282, Station Road, Dudley Bridge, nr. Preston (G.S.): Dangerous Man—"Why Kill Yourself, Mate?" **65s.:** H. Measures, 57, Virginia Road, Thornton Heath. Won't Stop—Britain, *Because* "Challenge" Heard. **60s.:** T. H. Pack, "Alum Chine," Hull Road, Anlaby, nr. Hull. Food For Bull-dog—Bones Fido's Finished With. **55s.:** C. Herbert, 31, Oakley Road, South Norwood, S.E. Speeding To Brighton—Soon, Express Marked." Edinburgh "! **50s.:** H. Evason, 14, Whitfield Street, Birkenhead. Food For Vanquished—Red Victor Could Provide. **45s.:** A. N. Parker, 33, Sledmere Grove, North Road, Hull. Ready For Anything—Except Sergeant's Praise! **40s.:** J. A. Barrett, Bowlands, Altham Road, Hatch End. Mr Little Secret—Ju-jitsu—No "Kissed" Floor!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "G.S." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on "Good Shot" Prize coupon.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

IN BRITAIN'S HANDS
ON WAR WORK
ROUND OUR SHORES
UNCLE SAM KNOWS
IN FRITZ'S HOME
ON THE MARCH
TOMMY'S PAY | SPEEDILY
WONDERFUL | SAVAGES
FLIRTING WITH DEATH
PANIC-STRICKEN
GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND
TRY AGAIN AND
"UP AND AT 'EM!"
BEHIND LOCKED DOORS
BLITHERING IDIOT
DAD AIMED FOR THE BULL, BUT
FIRES OF REVOLT
GOERING'S ARMADA

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

THE KING'S .....
NEARER TO .....
THE NEXT .....
CUPID'S .....
VICTIM OF .....
MAKING FOR .....

ONE WEEK ONLY £250

1st PRIZE **£100** £20 £10

100/- 95/- 90/- 85/- 80/- 75/- 70/- 65/- 60/- 35/- 40/-

25 of 10/- [illegible]

Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....

ENTRY-FEE
Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules), or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ONE WEEK ONLY I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....
"BULLETS" 1,236
Closing Postmark **SAT., AUG. 31**

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 6-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

Remember to enclose your "Bulletin" ADDRESS LABEL from foot of address page—X

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1236, "John Bull," Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH BULLET OR SQUARE ENTERED

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the winning lines in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and their families are not eligible

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£25 Winner of UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for RUNNERS-UP

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, August 31.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co/" and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 12; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misheld, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES
Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 217, "John Bull" 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. An untidy one wouldn't suit very orderly, neat person
2. Blow on man's elbow easily puts his out
3. There's a row when one lets off steam
4. You can distinguish many an old warrior by his
11. Light streaming through window might account for serious one
12. A man is beaten when forced to give this up
14. Investor who has thousands in this could easily put some in War Loans to help nation
15. Inflict these on your neighbour unreasonably and he can take legal action
16. He's quite at home on river

DOWN CLUES

1. A good one will please poacher who's out for game
2. If he's not used to the heavy kind of this, allotment enthusiast's hands will probably suffer
4. Chess player's main object may be to win this
7. You'd be optimistic to expect good results when really bad egg is this
8. Racehorse will probably be put off if this falls during race
9. Washing may well be hung up by
10. Fellow who's a bit of a silly ass can sometimes be called one
11. Chemicals may play vital part in development of these
12. Old ones dug up in some library might keenly interest students of drama
13. Hotel manager will naturally take steps if his visitors complain about this

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 214.

The following two competitors share £150, receiving £75 each. Their entries differed at one point only from the most meritorious out of Answers seen in square on right:—

MRS. W. H. GRIDLEY, "The Studio," Red Lane, Claygate.
C. E. PHIPPS, 19, Orchard Drive, Woking.

The £50 Runners-up Award has been divided between 25 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 120 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Odin. 5. July. 8. Drug. 7. Star. 8. Act. 10. Tale. 13. Pavr. 16. Read. 17. Slant. Down—1. Chaos. 2. Jar. 4. Rum. 5. Rain. 6. Fat. 9. Hale. 11. Aces, Alar, Apse or Arse. 12. Beat. 15. Bet. 14. Lad.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square on right. Blank space indicates that at this point ACES, ALES, APES and AXES were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

C	O	K	E		J	U	D	Y		
H	R		S	W	A	P		O	F	
A	B	D	E		R				O	
R		A		F		S	C	A	R	
C	H	T		A	C	T		W	H	
L	A	S	S	E	S			H	N	
	L			T	A	L	E		S	
B	E		L				M	O	O	
O		P	A	Y	E	R		U	O	
L	A	N	D		S	H	A	R	K	

WIN £100 FREE!
If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

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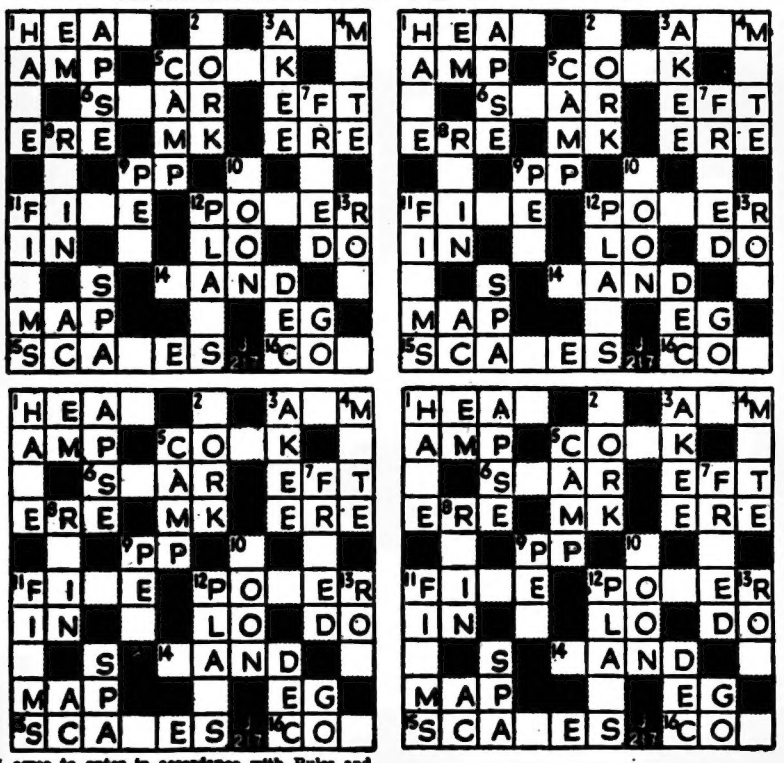

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above, for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 217 Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, AUG. 31

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE'
To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated September 14, you must affix 1d. stamps on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL
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49.....

HOW I GOT RID OF WRINKLES

—and made myself look 10 Years Younger

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writes: *"Imagine my amazement when I saw my wrinkles disappearing and my skin became fresh and firm again. All my friends say I don't look a day over forty. That is what Tokalon Skinfoods did for me in less than a month."*

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IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1 3 and 3 -.

Think of Great Britain as one great factory. Working at full pressure its output of goods can be vastly increased. But from this entire output must come both the needs of the fighting services *and* the requirements of the rest of us. The Services must come first.

The war must be won *and* in the shortest possible time. This means—and we must face the hard fact—that you and I must go without many of the things we used to enjoy in peace time.

The vitally necessary war supplies must be produced in ever-increasing quantities.

The money we don't spend on our own personal requirements and pleasures can then be lent to the Nation to be devoted to Britain's vast war effort.

If everyone with good pay coming in continues to spend on things they can do without, our resources will be in danger of speedy exhaustion. Prices will go rocketing up, and the arming and equipment of our forces will be seriously hampered.

We must make ends meet—but not by the method of burning the candle at both ends.

There is no time to be lost. Lend the full weight of your money to the struggle *now*. Invest as much as you possibly can in Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, National War Bonds and in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.

BAD LEGS

—that pain you!
—that cripple you!
—that prevent sleep!

HAVE you open wounds or ulcers that send you nearly mad with pain? Is your leg raw, sore, inflamed and burning? Do you suffer from dry scaly eczema or weeping eczema? Is your leg so itchy you could "scratch it to pieces"? Have you varicose veins causing swelling, tiredness, heaviness or aching pain?

GET RID OF THAT BAD LEG STOP THAT PAIN—NOW

Yours to-day is the instant choice of a great, new Treatment which takes you from pain to ease, from festering wounds and ulcers to sound and healthy legs. The cure you have sought for years is here now! This is your opportunity. Throw away that old rag or plaster—those useless odds and ends that never cure. A new life opens out before you. Treatment unlike anything you have ever had or known before, is here for you.

IT IS TREATMENT YOU NEED

This splendid Treatment is specially prepared for sufferers and provides for everything. It takes away all pain—it relieves inflammation—it clears discharge—it prevents scabs and scales—it kills irritation—it dispels swelling—it bunishes tiredness and heaviness—it promotes better circulation—it rapidly grows new flesh—it heals with new skin—it cures ulcers—it cures eczema—it conquers all forms of bad leg trouble.

The Treatment brings all these great and lasting benefits to sufferers because it is suited to their individual needs.

No matter how bad your leg may be, there is **Treatment for you.** No matter how many wounds or ulcers on your leg, there is **Treatment for you.** If you are tormented with inflammation, itching or weeping eczema, there is **Treatment for you.** If your legs are swollen, tired, and aching, there is **Treatment for you.** No matter what your leg trouble may be, no matter how long you have suffered, no matter what failures you have had, there is treatment for you which will bring you relief and promote your recovery.

THOUSANDS BLESS IT—SO WILL YOU

This great individual treatment has earned the blessing of thousands, now soundly cured. The same happy results await you. Forget your disappointments! Others who have suffered like you now get about with the ease and comfort of healthy legs. Household duties are a pleasure, shopping is a delight. They can attend their worship and go out with their friends because they are free from all leg worry. Why not you?

The treatment is easy to apply and comfortable to use and brings splendid success. You may be in pain to-day—a prisoner at home, suffering needlessly. What a grand change it will be to have your leg sound and well. Fill in the coupon below and have full particulars of the Treatment. **Delay not a moment! Every day's delay may mean a day's more pain and misery. Write now!**

Fill in the coupon with your name and address and clearly state your leg trouble. Post the coupon to the National Infirmary for Bad Legs and a valuable publication with full particulars of this marvellous system of Home Treatment will be sent to you at once Free of all charge.

FREE COUPON. WARD B.L.
To National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, MANCHESTER, 7.

Please send me all particulars of your Famous Treatment, free of charge.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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State complaint. *National College of Health Ltd.*

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